AUSTRALIAN

No. 242

MAD

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UNMASKS "THE RETURN OF THE JEDI"



A MAD LOOK AT SONS AND DAUGHTERS

AUSTRALIAN

MAD

OUR PRICE
$2·60* AUST.
$2·75 N.Z.
CHEAP!

Honest, this is definitely the back cover.
Would Alfred put the bite on you...?

OUT NOW

ISBN 0 7255 [illegible]

NUMBER 242

MAD

"The trouble with doing nothing is you can't quit and rest!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* **ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN** *editor*

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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*Recommended retail price only

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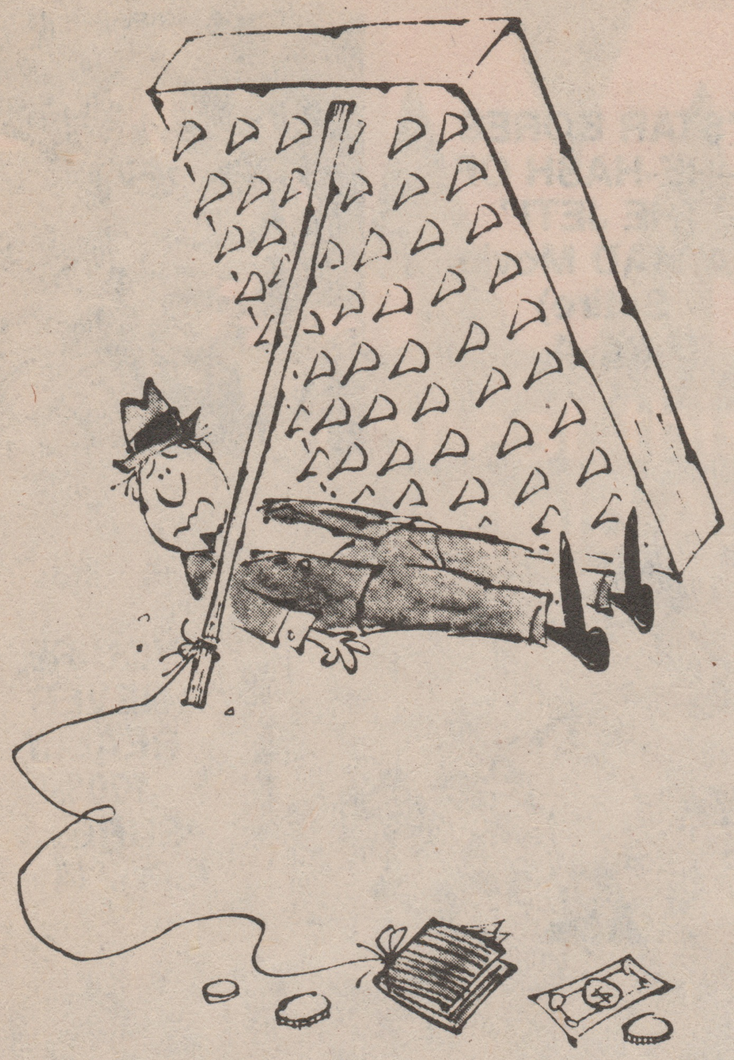
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WHY KILL YOURSELF?



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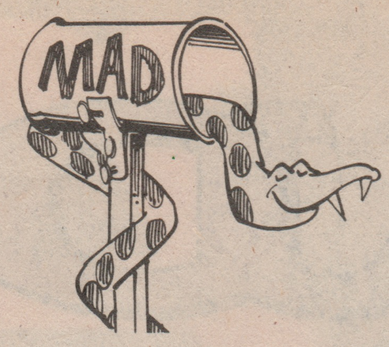
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LETTERS DEPT.



Dear MAD,

It's back to school for Artist and Writer: Paul Peter Porges, for his portrate of the Russian chess player, Karpov (Instant TV Replays We would rather not have to see). It must have really been meant for the Err Apparent Dept because Karpov . . .

(1) Does not wear glasses, moustache or false nose.

(2) Has a full head of straight hair. The picture looks more like 'Larry' from the 'Three Stoogers'.

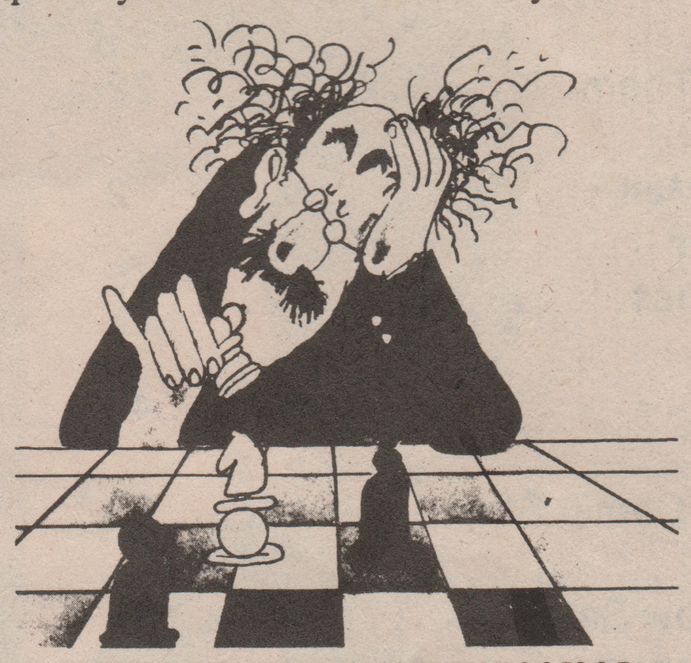
(3) The board has either too many squares or is set up incorrectly as a white square should always be in the right hand corner.

(4) Pawn to Q7 should be down the board away from the player.

(5) A Knight's pawn is normally on the Knight's file, be it King or Queen Knight, except when capturing.

(6) An up to date publication would use international notation, i.e. d6-d7 instead of 'descriptive'.

(7) And finally, Karpov normally considers his moves with his left hand over his mouth, which any student of body language will tell you is a classic portrayal of Russian insincerity.



KARPOV'S MOVE OF KNIGHT'S PAWN FROM Q-8 TO Q-7

Of course P.P.P. might have really drawn Karpov's main adversary, Korchnoi, who looks a bit like a worn out teddy bear.

Yours sincerely,
Christian Spencer Bennett,
Chess Coach, Genazzano Girls' College,
Melbourne, Aust.

P.S. At least P.P.P. put chess in the same category as sport, something our government doesn't when it comes to funding of sports events.

P.P.S. And (8) you just cannot trust Russians, Karpov's Knight is keeping options open by sitting on two squares.

Next time we'll check, mate. — Ed.

Dear MAD,

I have just read MAD No. 239, it was great. I reckon Spy v Spy is cruel. Could you please send me an autographed picture of Don Martin?

Yours sincerely,
David Chell
Launceston, Tas. 7250

P.S. Put my vote in for his highness Alfred E. Neuman.

Dear MAD (idiots),

How come I didn't get my Alfred E. Poster?! Thanks to you, mom won't let me buy your sloppy junk! But, for my sake, PLEASE PRINT THIS SCRAP OF PAPER!! Because I ask this is because I've never had a letter printed in my life. (I've lived for 3 days.) Here is a poem for all the nuts who read MAD,

"Sensible as us,
Crummy as MAD,
Alfred E. Nueman
and Don Martin . . ."!

Sorry about that, but the scrap of paper I was reading off just blew up.

Yours drowsy,
Sven Moerth
Vic. (Age 11)

P.S. I would like to say hello to my X-friend Hamish Findlay.

Dear MAD,

I loved the "lighter side ofs" in Number 234 and you're getting ahead in the world because I bought two of Number 235. I thought they were different. (I think I'm going MAD.) Tricky cover!

Could you please send me a poster of Alfred and Don Martin's autograph.

From Nicholas Banks
Rangiora, New Zealand.

P.S. Register my vote for Alfie.

Good work — now save twice as hard for No. 46 — American Werewolf in London — Super Special Movies II — Ed.

Dear MUD, (That's how you spell MAD with a Scottish accent.)

Here is a little poem to brighten up your letters page and save us more intelligent readers from having to read the general moronic comments that are usually printed in this section.

May Alfred never Die.

I had some free time lately,
And so I cleared my throat,
Picked up a pen and paper,
And for Alfred's sake I wrote.

I know your magazine is best,
(Although it could be better),
And a great way to start this off,
Is by publishing my letter. (Please!!).

Yours, every time I have $1.30,
Larry Guck
Totress Park, S.A.

**Thank you for your epistle,
If you set it to music we'd whistle,
With the rhyming that you're doin'
You're better than Rod McKuen.**

— Ed.

Dear !!*&?**!'s at MAD,

Before I started reading your wako mago, I was er average, normal, smart (ha ha!) person. Now, after reading 10 issues of your rubbish, I am a totally weird, unusual, thick being who thrives for the release of the next edition of MAD! Then, after reading 101 times, I drool, scratch, and pull out my hair (plus other disgusting habits, namely swearing and cursing), waiting for the next one!

How are weirdos like you, I and millions of other teenagers supposed to survive?

Keep up the good work Don Martin, and please, please, please (with sugar, ice cream and cherries on top), can you guys include more "The Lighter Side of . . .'s" because I love 'em.

Yours faithfully (for a while, at least),
Diane Conroy
A devoted MAD fan
Perth, W.A.

P.S. Don't forget the "Lighter Side of . . .'s"

P.S.S. I will only wait a while for your next mag.

P.S.S.S. If it doesn't come soon I'll read another mag . . .

P.S.S.S.S. Please do a satire on the "Sullivans" and call it the "Dullivans" or sumping lik dat.

P.S.S.S.S.S. There is no P.S.[6]

P.S.[7] How 'bout a photo of the whole MAD team at MAD in the next issue?

P.S.[8] On second thoughts . . .

Dear MAD and the rest of the idiots,

I am writing to you because I nothing better to do. No!! Wait a minute I've just had a terrific idea. I'm going decorate my padded cell. But first I'll need some decorations. Could you please ask Don Martin to send me an autographed picture so that I can cover the wall with great works of art. Keep up the Spy v Spy because you've got to have something you hate in a magazine.

Yours untruly,
Gavin Hoy
Bomaderry, N.S.W.

P.S. If Don Martin sends me the autographed picture I so badly need I shall die of a heart attack. But please don't worry I plan on commiting suicide anyway.

MADpeople, (I think),

I disagree with Michael Brookes, Mark Woolnough, Shaun Craven, Bill Swan, Brenton Baring, Darren Bellia and other idiots who refer to you as MADmen. Even though it takes the brains of a male to think of such an idiotic magazine. All your team can't be males. If they are all men then how do the funny articles get there. On, and just out of curiosity, who is Alfred E. Neuman's mother?

If you publish this I will buy all your mags.

A. Nonimous (female)
Sydney, N.S.W.

P.S. If this magazines Australian why are your articles American!!!!

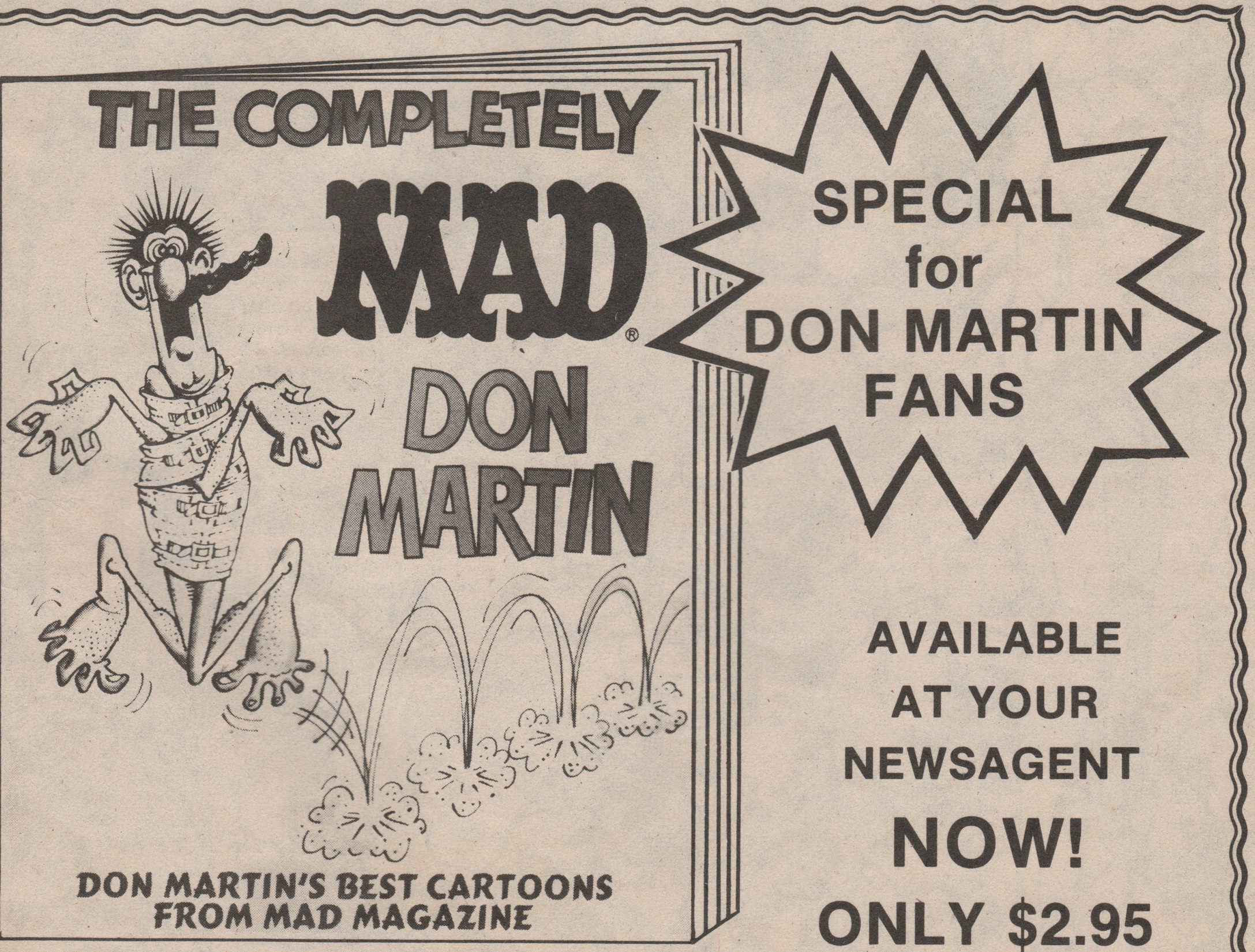
P.S.S. Register my vote for Alfred's mother!

P.S.S.S. Can I have Jack Davis' autograph and a picture of Father 'Nookaypee' (Molkayhey).

P.S.S.S.S. I'm not going to say 'wot . . . me worry?!' because I am . . . about my sanity.

P.S.S.S.S.S. Must go, the men in the white jackets are coming to pick me up.

Mrs Neuman is Alfred's mother — Ed.



THE FARCE BE WITH YOU DEPT.

Hi! I'm **Princess Laidup!** Note that I'm wearing **less clothes** in this movie than before! That's 'cause my **Figure's improved!** Unfortuntely, my **acting HASN'T!**

I'm **Ham Yoyo!** And this is my good friend, **Chewbacco!**

Arg! Arg! **Arrrgghh!**

But it **does** make me **jealous** that he gets the **best lines** in the movie!!

Hello! I am **Dart Zader!** My big kick in life is to **threaten** and **scare** people! I got my training working for the **I.R.S.!**

I'm **Landough!** I'm **proud** to be in a movie that gives work to **minorities!** No, I'm **not talking** about **Blacks!** I'm talking about **Ewoks, Chirpas, Jubbas** and **Freens!**

I'm **Cree-pio!** I think I've **had it** after this movie... unless they want me as **The Tin Man** in a remake of **"The Wizard of Oz"!**

I'm **Lube Skystalker!** In this movie, I **find out** who **my Father** is...!

And **after** this movie, I sure hope your **REAL Father** has a **good business** you can go into!!

I'm **Bar-Stool!** I've already had an **offer** that'll keep me busy **24 hours a day!** I'm going to be a **garbage can!**

PAC-MAN IS TAR

MAY THE DWARFS BE WITH YOU

MARK DRUCKER

STAR BORES

RE-HASH OF THE JEDI

How **nice** to **see** you, Your Royal Hardhat! You're looking just **wonderful!** Have you been **vacationing** out in the **sun?**

Knock off the **small talk!** Work on this new Battle Star has **not** been going **fast enough!**

But we're already working **14 hours a day!!**

Well, then... just **double** your **efforts!**

You mean, work **28 hours** a day?!

Listen, I'm a **sadist,** not a **mathematician!**

This **door-knocker** makes a **strange sound!** It goes **"Ouch!"**

That's 'cause I'm **not** a door-knocker, Bronze Brain! You're **rapping** me in the **eye!!** What do you want??

We've come to see **Chubby The Fatt!** We have a holograph message for him!

Oh! Er... **when** will he be **finished** eating?!?

Well, he's **busy eating!!**

Around **JUNE!**

MAY THE HORSE BE WITH YOU.

FOOD DELIVERIES FOR 'CHUBBY THE FATT' ARE ACCEPTED AT 1,3,5,7,9 AND 11 O'CLOCK ALSO AT 2,4,6,8,10 AND 12 O'CLOCK ..... AND AT OTHER TIMES BY APPOINTMENT.

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Greetings, Your Royal Fatness! I **was** going to send you a **Telegram,** but **instead**... so you can **see me** ...I'm sending this **Hologram!**

Well... now that I've **seen** you, I would've preferred a **Candy-gram!**

I've come here to **bargain** for **Ham Solo's life!** But I **didn't** come here **empty-handed!** I have a **SURPRISE GIFT** for you! The **TWO DROIDS** that brought this message are the **gift!** The fact that they **DON'T KNOW** they're the gift is the **surprise!**

I **won't give him up!** I **like looking** at him there ...**frozen, unfeeling, lifeless**... exactly the way he was **BEFORE** they carbonized him!

LIGHT AND VERY LIVELY

MAY THE SAUCE BE WITH YOU.

I'm here to **free** you, Ham Yoho! But I've got to admit... you're **some remarkable man!** Answer me one question! **How**... if you've been **frozen** for **two and a half years**... were you able to make **"Raiders Of The Lost Ark"** and **"Bladerunner"**...?

Oh, **wow!** Morning breath is **bad enough!!** But after **900 MORNINGS**... **yecccch!!**

Chewbacco?! Is it **you?** I still can't **see**, but the **smell** is **unmistakable!!**

Arg! **Arg! Arrg!**

Hey, **I'm** just as excited to see **YOU,** Chewbacco ...but you don't see **ME** using **YOUR leg** as a **fire hydrant!!**

I've come here **in person** to take **Capt. Yoyo** and my **other** friends **away!** What do you say to **that...?!?**

The **trap door** under your **feet** will **open**...and you will **die!**

Gee! And I thought **all fat people** were supposed to be **jolly!!**

Fighting this ugly monster is **BAD ENOUGH!!** But what makes it even **worse** is: He's **not HOUSEBROKEN!!**

LT ♡ MH

GLITCH!

You **killed** our **pet!!**

That thing was your **PET...?!**

Yes, and we just spent a **fortune** to buy a **pooper scooper** for him!

ROVER

For killing our Headquarters' mascot, you will **all die!** All except for the **broad**... who will wear a **leash** and be my **"Playmate of the Month"!** The **rest** of you will be taken to the **Dune Sea,** where you will be thrown into the **Pit of the Gee-Spot,** the resting place of **Karnac!** There you will stay in his **stomach** for **one hundred years!**

Wow! Just like when you **eat** a **bagel!**

CHUBBY THE FAT THE HUGH HEFNER OF OUTER SPACE

What a **desolate area** this is...!

It may not **look** like much, but we are the galaxy's **largest exporter** of **"beaches"!**

Now, Chubby The Fatt **hopes** that you will all die **bravely**...but if anyone **wishes,** he or she may **beg for mercy!**

You **tell** that **slimy pile of fly-strewn dung** that **none** of my friends will beg for mercy! As for **ME**...you tell that **loveable old Santa Claus** that **I'm**...

ONE WAY

Quick! Hand me my **light saber**...!!

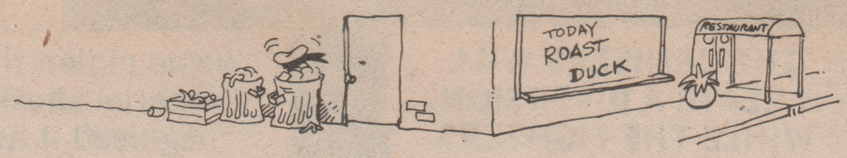
What flavor! Lemon or lime?

My **LIGHT SABER... not** my **"Life Saver"!**

Is it **my imagination** ...or is your light saber much **brighter** and **more powerful** in this movie...??

It **is!** That's because I switched to **"Duracells"!**

Life Savers! Duracells! When they said that this movie was going to be a **"COMMERCIAL VENTURE,"** they **weren't kidding!!**



Look...! Our desert monster is **letting them get away!!** What did they **DO** to it?!

They threw a case of **"Preparation-H"** into the hole...!

ANOTHER plug!? I'm amazed that someone hasn't called **ME** a tub of **"JELLO"** yet!

MAY THE FLOSS BE WITH YOU

Strong I am with the **Force,** Lube, but **rest me** soon **forever...!**

Yodel, you seem to be talking a little **backward!**

What the hell **want you** from a man who is **years old 900?!?** English **perfect?!?**

I've **come back** for the rest of my **training!**

Then I'm a **Jeti Master?!**

Finished is your training! **Diploma** I **sent** you! But perhaps **lost it** the **Post Office!**

No! Yet not! First... **confront Dart Zader** you must! Then, a **date** for the **Jeti Graduation Prom** you **must get! THEN,** all finished you will be!

Yodel, is **Dart Zader** my **Father?**

Let me **this way** put it! **One** of your Parents he **is!** And your **Mother** he's **not!**

Cough! Gag!! Also, **dying I am!**

MAY THE BOSS BE WITH YOU

Yodel **died**...and he **just DISAPPEARED!!** What a great way to **save** on **Funeral Expenses!!**

MAY THE LOSS BE WITH YOU

I can't go on!!

Oldie Van Moldie! You didn't tell me the **TRUTH** about my **Father**...!

Yodel will be with you always!!

Okay!! So the **Boogeyman DIDN'T take him away!!** Remember, Lube, the last time you **asked** me about your Father, you were **five years old!!**

Yodel spoke of **ANOTHER** who is with the Force!

The **other** he spoke of is your **Sister!!**

My **SISTER?!** You mean, **LAIDUP?!?**

Your **inner self** serves you **well!**

My **inner self** ...and also the fact that she's the **only girl** in all these "Star Bores" movies!

This is the **perfect time** to **attack** the **Death Star!** The **weapon system** is **non-operational,** the **Emperor himself** is **aboard,** and we haven't **wrecked anything** in almost **seven minutes!**

MAY REMORSE BE WITH YOU

Now, what we'll **use** is the **same top secret "Attack Plan"** we used in the **other** "Star Bores" movies! **Okay, audience... all together now!!**

THE CRUISERS WILL CREATE A DIVERSION, WHILE THE FIGHTERS FLY DIRECTLY INTO THE POWER CENTER AND KNOCK OUT THE MAIN REACTOR!!

We've stolen this **small imperial shuttle,** and disguised it as a **Taxi Cab!** When they see our **Off Duty** sign, they'll let us **land** and we can **deactivate** the **Death Star shield generator!**

What is your **cargo** and your **mission?**

Our **cargo** is **empty buckets!** Our **mission** is to collect **sap** from the **forest moon trees** for the new **Inter-Galactic House of Pancakes!**

You are **cleared!** On your way **back,** bring us a stack of **Buckwheats!**

BRUCE...

BRUCE...

WHERE ARE YOU, BRUCE?

IS THERE LIFE AFTER DARTH?

Wow! Look at this **Trooper's Rider!** Boy, it must go **fast!!**

How fast can it **go!?** It **doesn't have** any **WHEELS!!**

Oh-oh! They've **spotted us!** We'd better take a **DEMONSTRATION RIDE!**

One thing's sure! At least we won't have to worry about getting a **flat tire!!**

Let's make some **fast maneuvers,** and force them to **crash** into the **trees!**

That should **STUMP them,** but **good!**

This **BARK** is **worse** than its **BITE!**

I've heard of going back to my **ROOTS,** but **this** is **really ridiculous!!**

Oh-oh! I think I turned over a **new leaf!**

Looks like the **OAK's** on **them!!**

That's the **first** time in my life I've seen **sap** going **INTO** a **tree!!**

What **cute little people!** Who **are** you??

We're the **"Earwaks"!** We've come to **save YOU—** and **all the DOLL MANUFACTURERS** who've been **stuck** with **Yodel** and **Dart Zader toys!** We're the **"new generation"** of **"Star Bores" merchandising!!**

Here...! Would you like something to **eat?!?** They're **"Reese's Pieces"...** the **candy** of **outer space creatures!**

BODY BY FISHER

MAY ENDORSE BE WITH YOU

They're **going** to have **us** for **dinner!!**

That's **very friendly...** considering we've **just met them!**

I **think** you're **missing** the **point!** But you'll **get it** when they put you on a **spit** before they **cook you!!**

Ungawah!! Somebody steal **old "Tarzan" set** for this scene!!

I'm using my **Jeti powers** to **float** Creepio **over** the **crowd**...!

They'll **think** he's a **GOD** ...and **let us go!!**

Of course, if I **REALLY knew how** to use my powers **fully,** we would **never** have **been** in this jam in the **first** place!

I'm glad you're **safe,** Laidup! I've got **news** for you! I just discovered that **Dart Zader** is **my Father,** and **you're** my **twin Sister,** and **Creepio** is my **twin Brother,** and **Chewbacco** is my **Dog,** and **Barstool** is my **old Hoover Vacuum Cleaner,** and—

Gee, is this **"Star Bores"** ...or **"All my Children"?!**

Now I must **go** and **confront Dart Zader!** He may seem **all bad,** but I **firmly believe** that in **every bad,** there's **some good!** And in **every darkness,** there's **some light!** And in **every evil act,** there's **some regret—**

...and in **every long speech,** there's **some boredom!** So **GO!!**

Hi, Dad!! Yes, I **KNOW** you're my Father! I've come to **bring you back** to the **good side! I refuse** to **abandon** you to the **dark side** —because I **love** you! And if it means **losing my life,** so be it!

That's **some talk—** coming from a Son who **never phoned** or **dropped me a line** in over **ten light years!!**

Welcome, Lube Skystalker! I've been **expecting** you! In **time** you will call me **"Master"!**

I'll probably call you a **lot** of things, but **"Master"** won't be **one** of them!!

If you think your **friends** will save you, you are **mistaken!** The battle is **under way,** and they're being **soundly defeated!** Look out that **port** and **see for yourself!** And if you want a **closer view,** put a **quarter** in the **telescope!**

25¢ 3 MIN.

Good! **Good!** The **hate** is **swelling** in you! **Give in** to your anger, Lube! Soon, you will **do my bidding!** Soon, you will **be my servant...!!**

No! NO! I will **NEVER** be your servant!

However ...how about I make you some **lunch??**

...Or perhaps you'd like me to **dust** the **furniture**... or **wax** the **floors**... or **brush** your **robe**... or **shine** your **shoes?**

Come, Lube... **fight** for your **life...!!**

You **didn't** kill me the **last** time we battled! **Why** would you want to kill me **NOW?!**

Because **last** time, the **good side** of my **evil side** was the **stronger side!** But **this** time, the **evil side** of my **good side** is the **much stronger side!**

And **now,** it's **really hard** to tell **WHICH side** you're **on!!**

MAY BLUE CROSS BE WITH YOU.

WAK!

Good work, Lube! Your **Father** was my **"right hand man"**... but **now,** thanks to **you,** he **has no right hand!** So **you** can now take **his place** at **my side**...!

I would rather **DIE first!!**

Normally I **don't DO** requests, but **okay!**

Help! HELP! OWW! OOH!!

I'm giving you a **billion volts,** Lube, And if **this** doesn't kill you, your **electric bill WILL!!**

You **saved my life,** Father! You threw the **Emperor** down the **shaft!** Is that because of your **GOOD SIDE?!?**

No, Lube, that's because of my **BAD EYESIGHT! I thought** I was throwing **YOU** down the shaft!

A LONG VADER GO

Boy, I sure am glad we found this **secret entrance** to the **shield generator** bunker!

SECRET ENTRANCE TO SHIELD GENERATOR BUNKER

ADMISSION

ADULTS	CHILDREN	REBELS
$5.00	$2.00	$25.00

SECRET ENTRANCE T-SHIRTS $7.00

SECRET ENTRANCE POST CARDS 50¢

Barstool was decoding the **combination** to this **special lock** when he was **injured** by **enemy fire!** He got a couple of his **attachments** blown off! But **lucky** for **us,** they left a **spare key** under the **doormat!**

Those things **look familiar,** huh, Lube?

They **should!** Remember the **four-legged machines** in **"The Empire Strikes Back"?** They were **cut in half** for **this** movie!

Well, they sure are **unbelievable!**

Because they're so—so **AWESOME?**

No, because they're **two million dollars** of **high technology** that can be **tripped up** and **destroyed** with a **few heavy logs!!**

CLOSED USE NEXT DOOR



Hah! The **Emperor** thinks that this little band of **rebels** attempting to destroy his **Death Star** is nothing more than a **"Mickey Mouse Operation"!** Well, he's **WRONG,** isn't he, gang?!

Holy Cosmos! The Death Star is **FULLY OPERATIONAL!** How could they have gotten it **ready** on such **short notice?!**

Obviously, they used **NON-UNION labor!**

Thanks for helping me take my **mask** off, Lube!

No problem! I'm just —*ulp*—glad I got **all my looks** from **MOM's side** of the family!

Wow! This battle's got **everything** but the **kitchen sink!**

Don't look **now,** Buddy... but you **spoke too soon!** Only **don't worry!** The **sink's** on **our side!**

It's just **one more special effect** ...designed to send the Emperor's evil Death Star **down the drain...**

...along with all the **cutesy dialogue** in this movie...!!

PLANE NONSENSE

HELP!

There goes the **Death Star!** But **where's Lube?**

Don't worry! I'm **sure** he's **safe!** And when he **comes back,** I won't stand **between** you two!

Yoyo, you **yo-yo!** I **love** Lube as a **Brother,** because he **IS** my Brother!

Then, **you** and **I** can **get married?**

I'm **not sure! I think** you're my **Uncle!!**

Wasn't it **lucky** that **Laidup** and **Yoyo** were only **Second Cousins** ...and could **get married?!**

Yeah, **great!** But what a **strange wedding** this is! I've **never USHERED** at a **wedding** where the **guests** were **divided** into **THREE groups...**

The **BRIDE's side** of the family... the **GROOM's side** of the family... and the **DEAD side** of the family!!

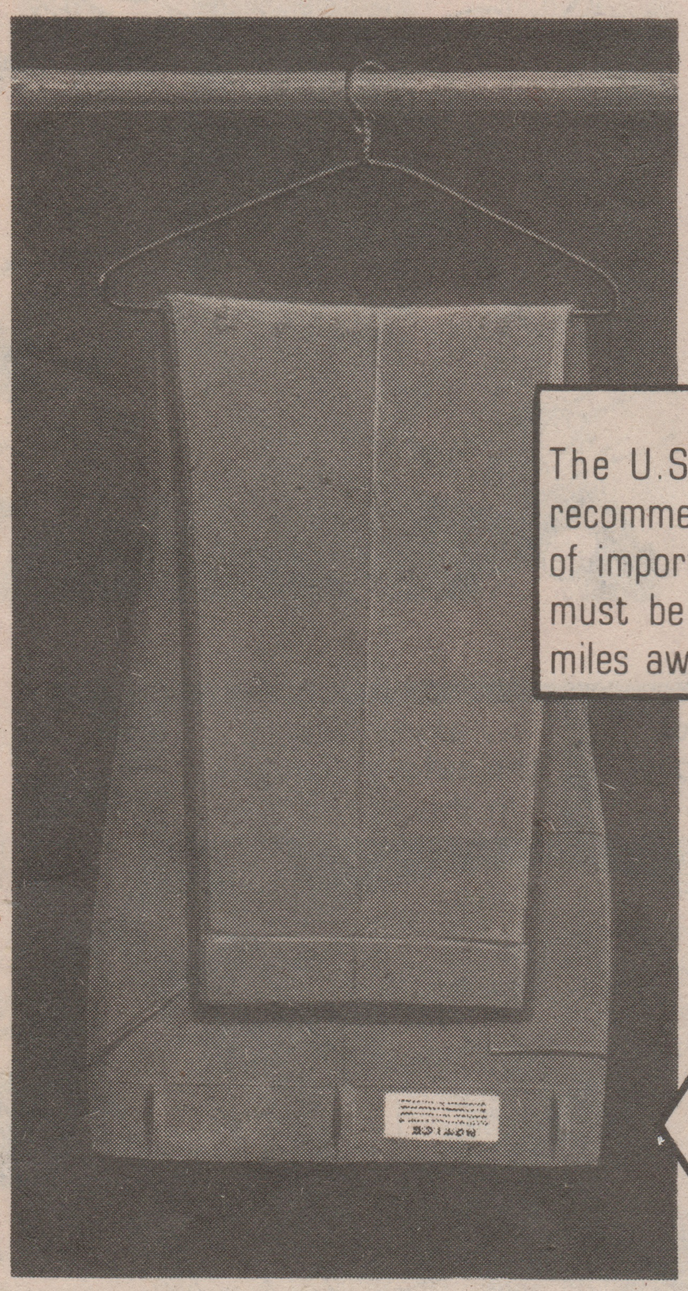
MAY DIVORCE BE WITH YOU!

WHOOPEE! CAUTION DEPT.

Recently, the government began requiring warning labels on certain products considered to be dangerous to our health, our wallets or our sensibilities. The first to appear were those chilling notices on cigarette packs telling us that smoking can kill us. Since then, these labels have ranged from meaningless ("Warning! This medication contains bio-

WARNING LABELS W

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE





Be Advised!

The U.S. Postal Service is not recommended for the transmission of important correspondence that must be delivered more than five miles away in less than one week.

NOTICE

These slacks have been cheaply sewn together in Taiwan, and should never be worn in any public place where having the seat of your pants split open might cause embarrassment.



FATTIES BEWARE!

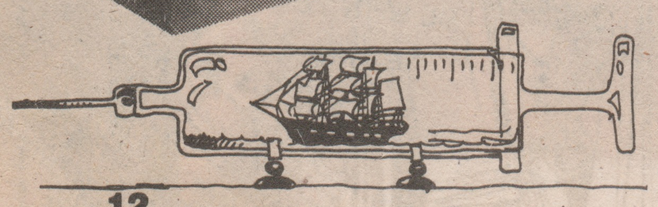
Each glob of this sauce contains enough calories to add three full pounds to some portion of your widening body where you least want it to settle.





CAUTION!

Prospective puppy buyers should be aware that young dogs require training, which includes the blotting and picking up of disgusting stuff from your brand new carpets, and that grown dogs (which your puppy will hopefully be someday) require walking in all kinds of bad weather at least twice a day for their complete 12-to-15 year lifespan. So think it over.



sulfuric enzymes.") to ridiculous ("Note: The EPA mileage rating for this car is not what you can expect from normal driving.") Despite this flood of questionable labels, MAD feels there are still many unregulated items that consumers should be cautioned about. Frankly, we won't consider ourselves protected until they pass laws requiring these

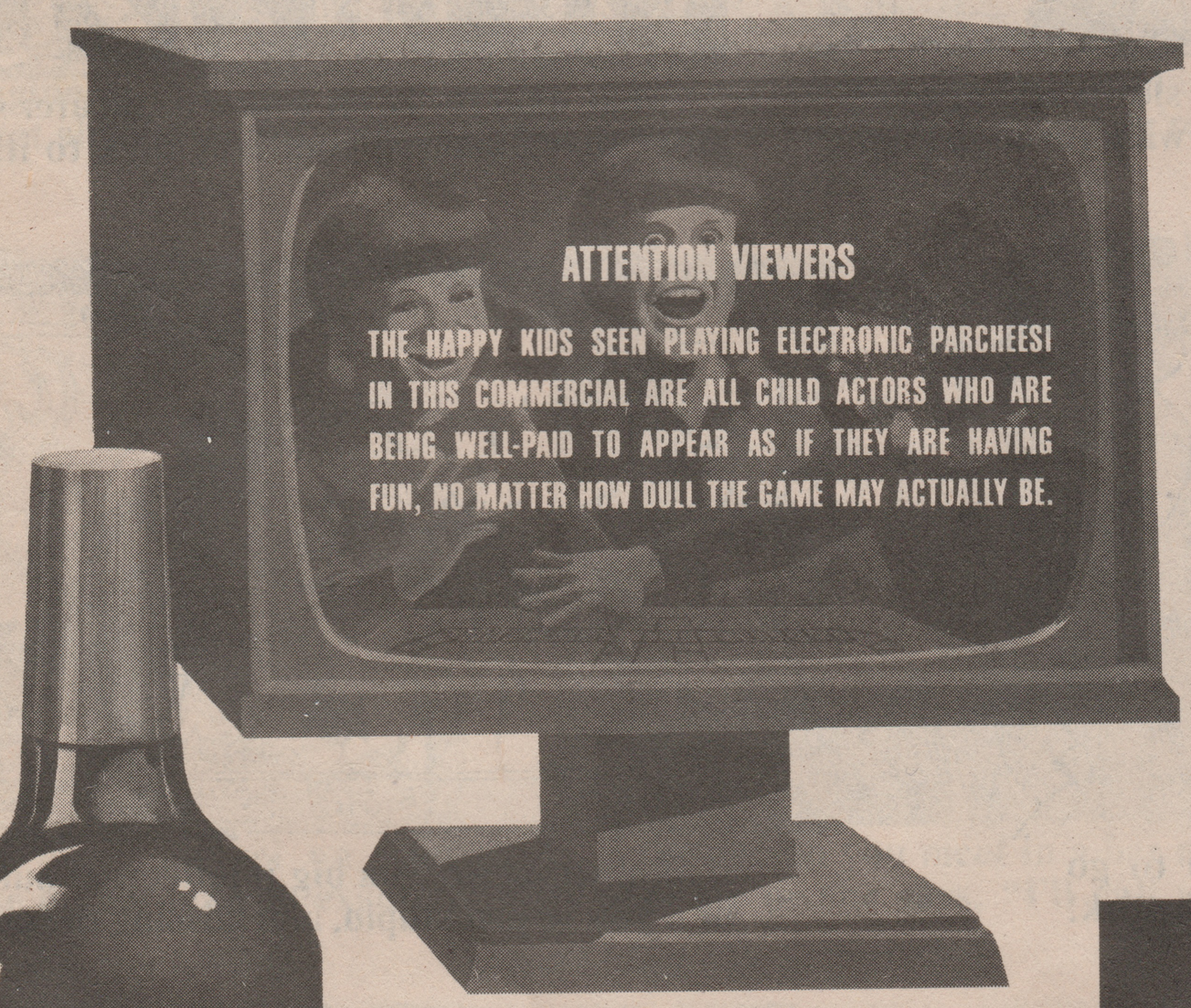
E DESPERATELY NEED

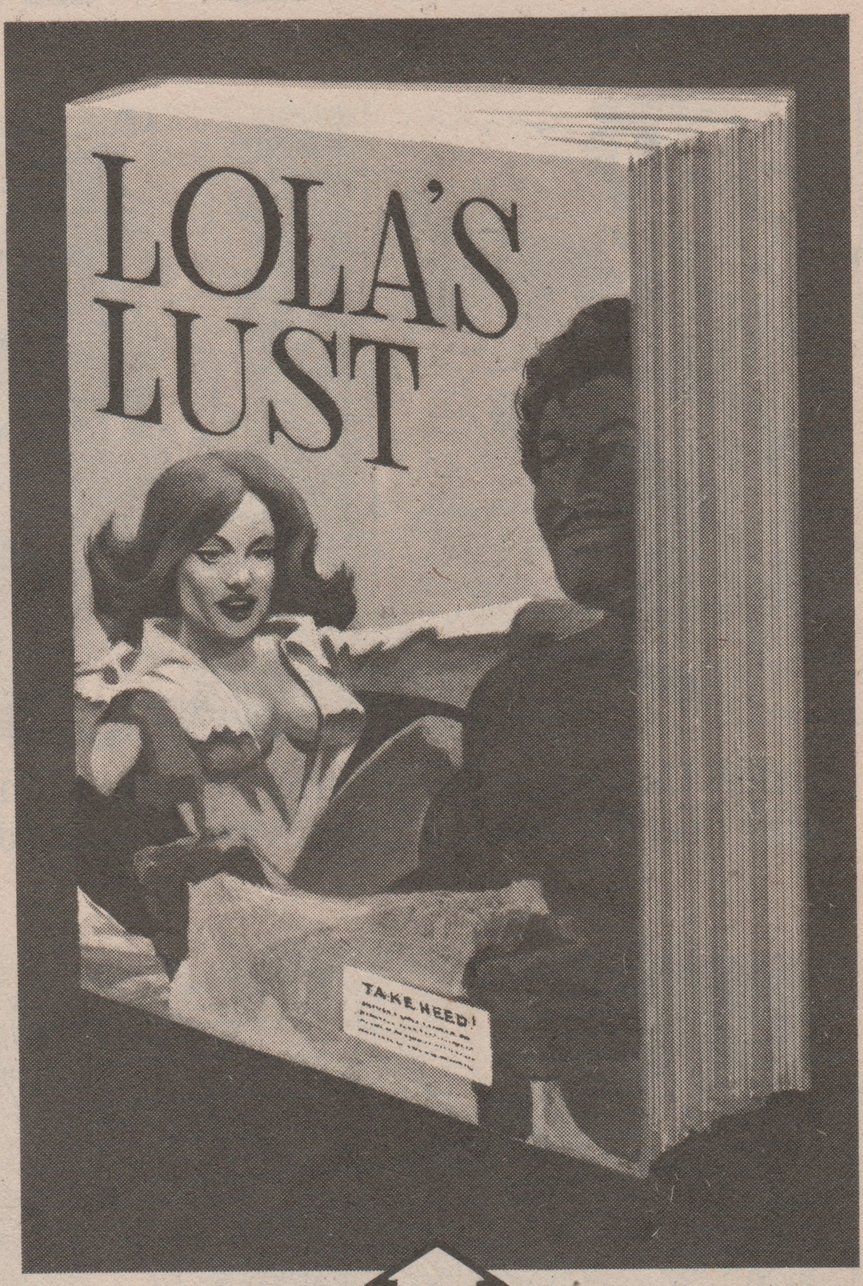
WRITER: TOM KOCH



WARNING!

This package of Frozen Broccoli, when cooked, will not only taste awful but will also stink up your whole house much worse than expected.





TAKE HEED!

This book contains much tamer sexy parts than the cover illustration would lead you to believe, and it certainly isn't lewd enough for the dedicated porno fancier who wants something really raunchy.

TAKE CARE!

You need a Master's Degree in Computer Engineering to fully understand all the buttons on this alarm clock to get it to function properly so you won't oversleep and lose your job and end up on welfare.

FINAL WARNING!

Excessive boozing has been found to cause brain damage and liver rot. Therefore, if you plan to consume this product, the Surgeon General says to tell you goodbye.



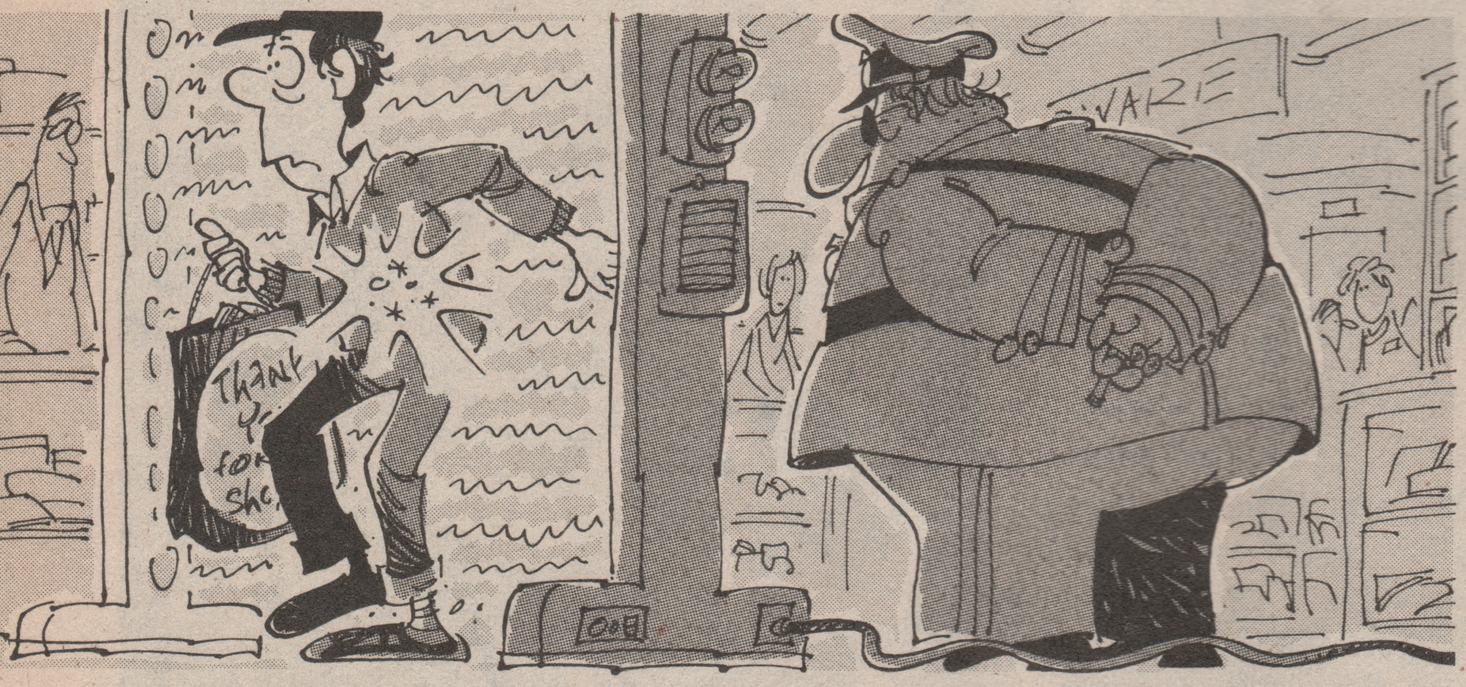
DOUBTS ALL, FOLKS! DEPT.

Ben Franklin once said, "There are two things in life that are certain: death and taxes!" Which may be true... but it got us to thinking about how many UN-

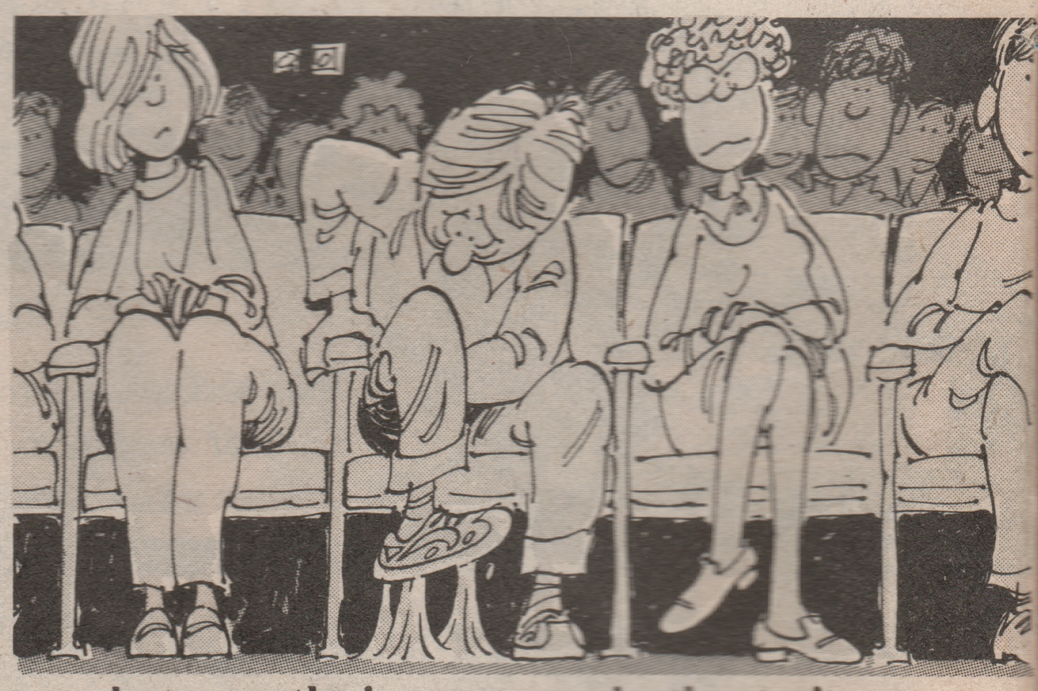
A MAD GUIDE TO SOME OF LIFE'S ANNO

YOU'RE NEVER RE

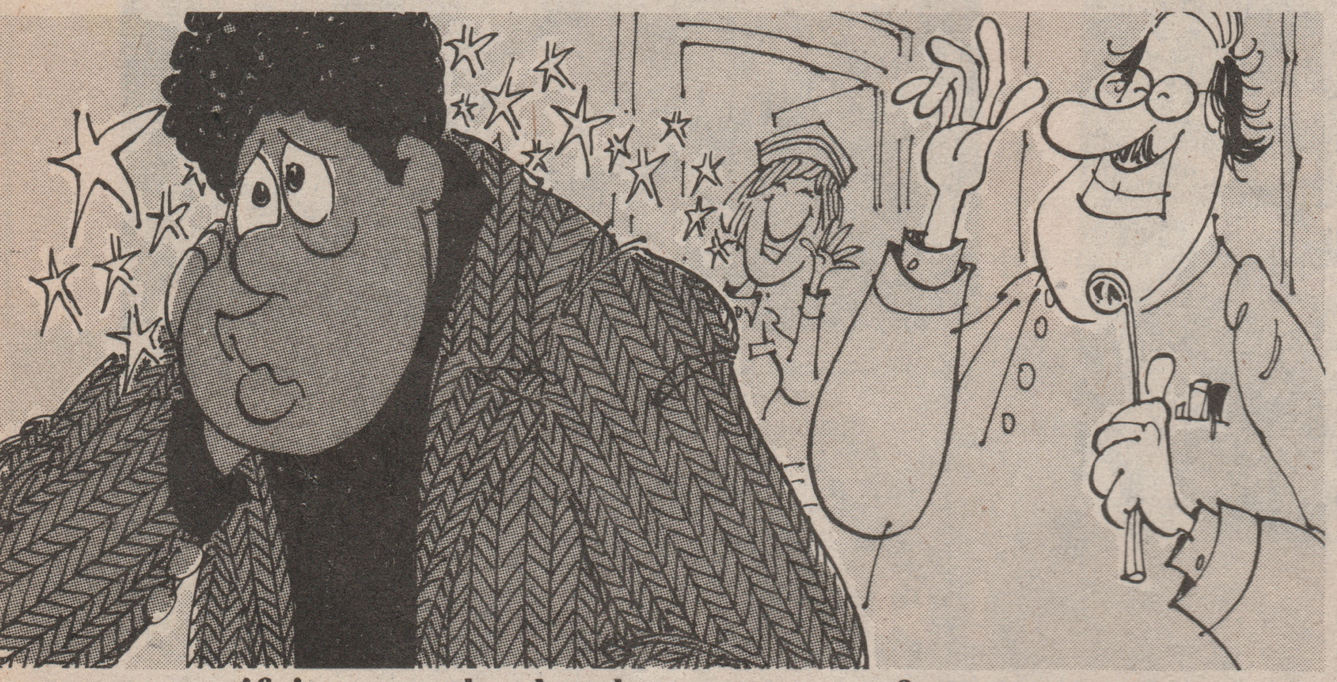
ARTIST: PAUL COKER



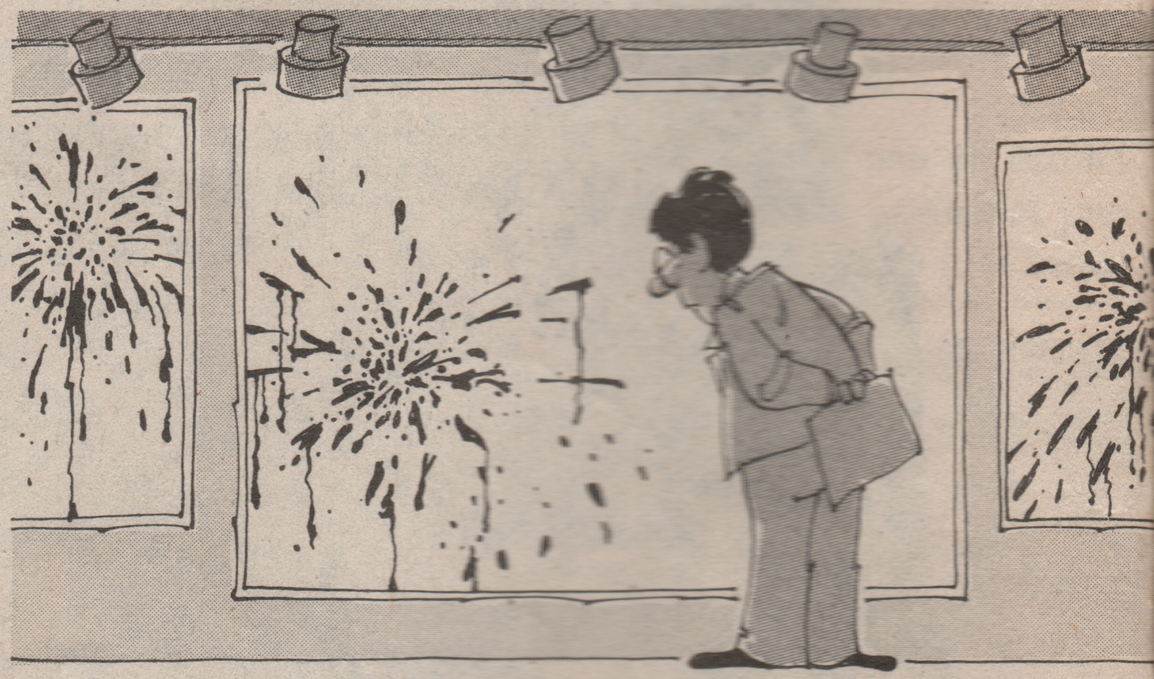
...that those anti-shoplifting sensors aren't slowly doing something horrible to your insides every time you walk through them!



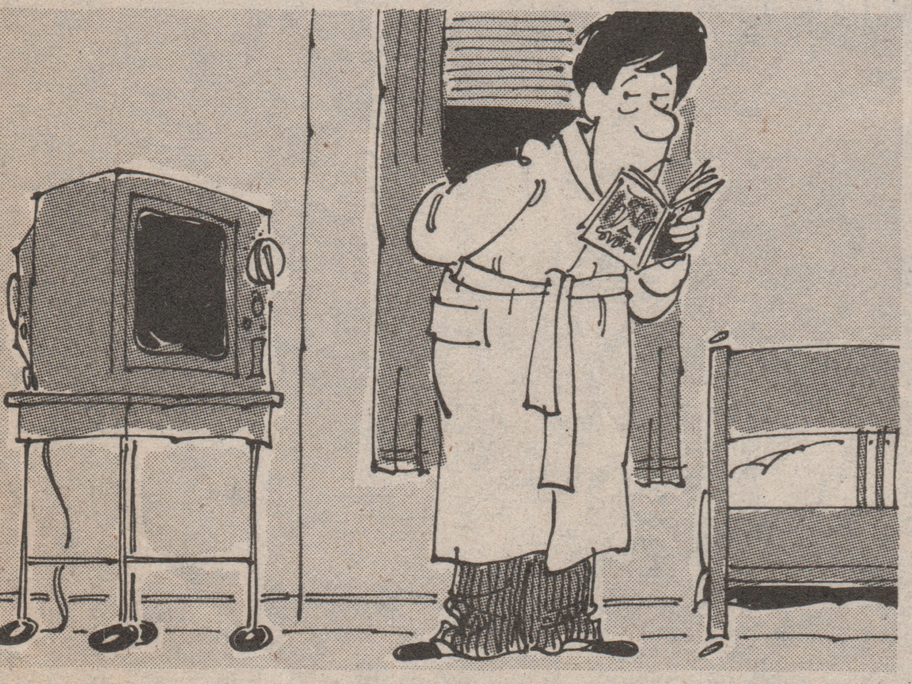
...what exactly is on a movie theater's floor that's making your feet stick to it!



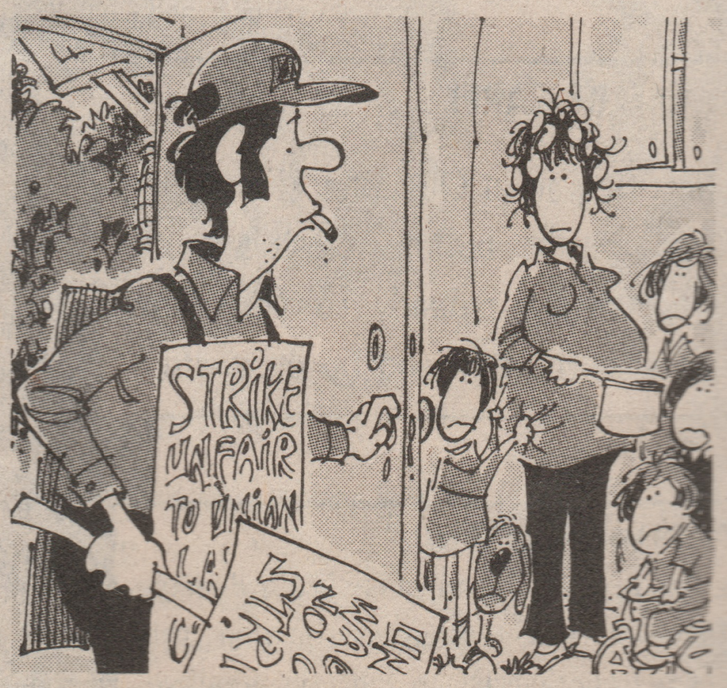
...if it was absolutely necessary for you to go through six agonizing weeks of root canal work!



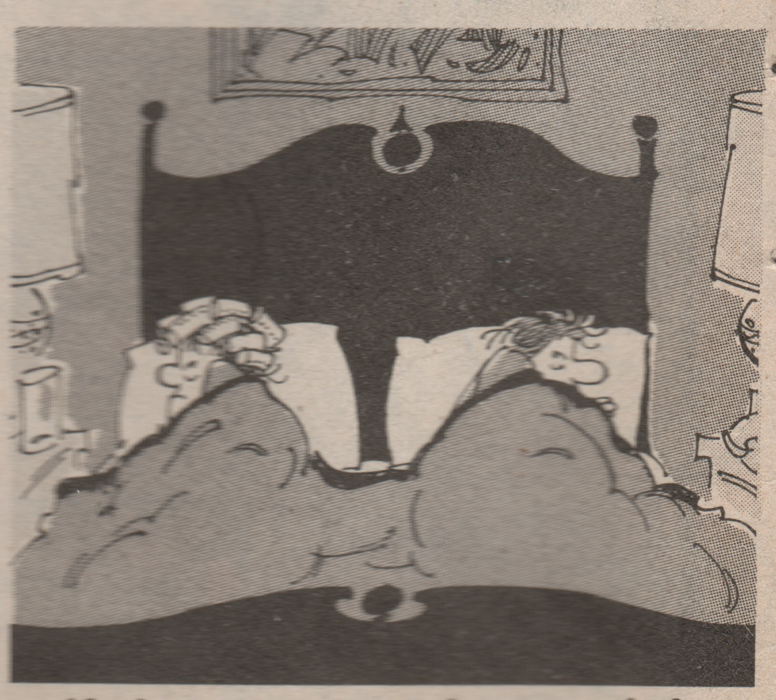
...if abstract art is a big intellectual put-on, or if you're just stupid, and missing the point!



...if your TV Guide has the correct guests listed for the "Tonight Show"!



...if your Union is killing you or saving you when it calls a strike!



...if the person you're married to hasn't cheated on you at least once!

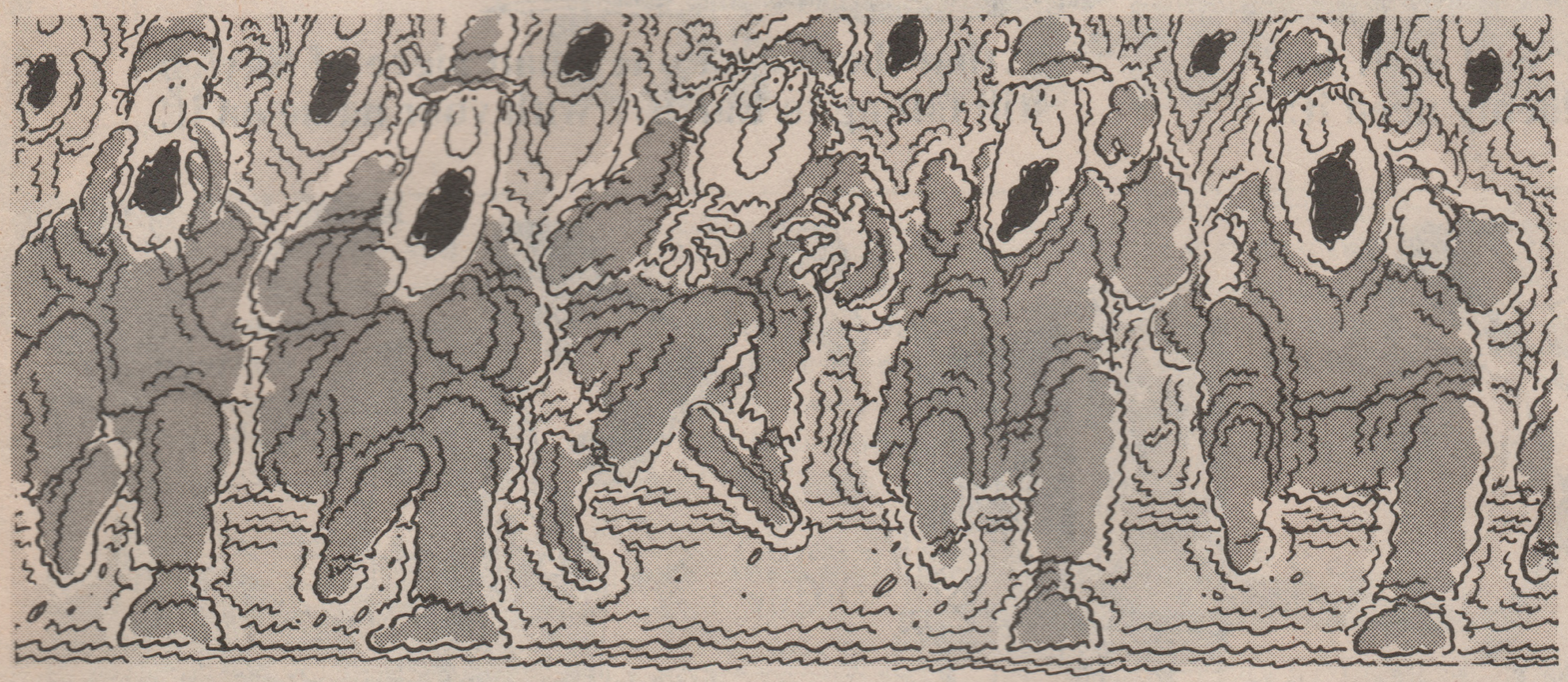
certain things there are in life... things that we're never 100% sure about!
And boy, are there plenty! Here is just a sampling...as we now bring you...

YING LITTLE UNCERTAINTIES...OR...

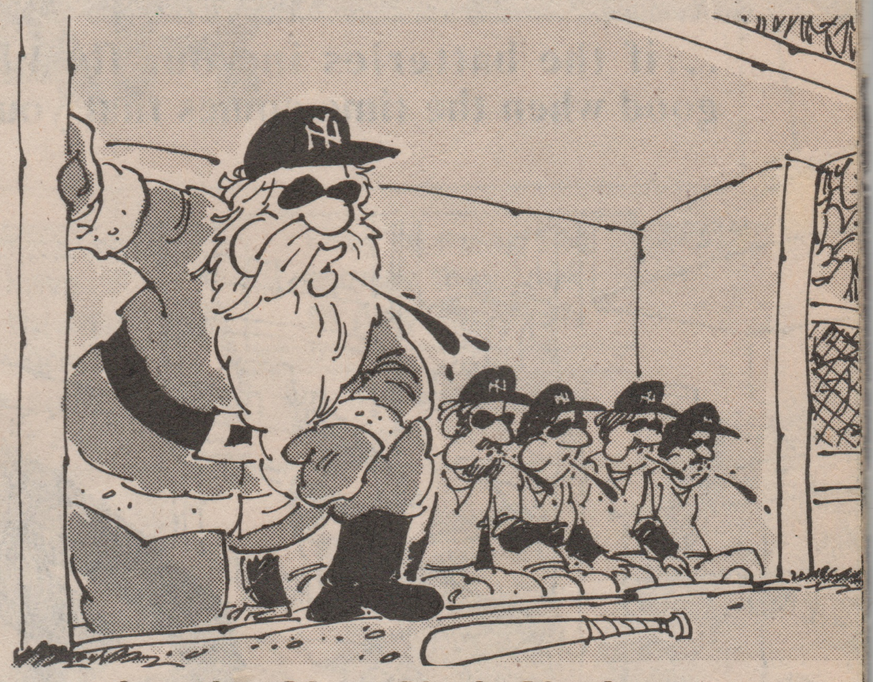


ALLY 100% SURE...

WRITER: JOHN FICARRA



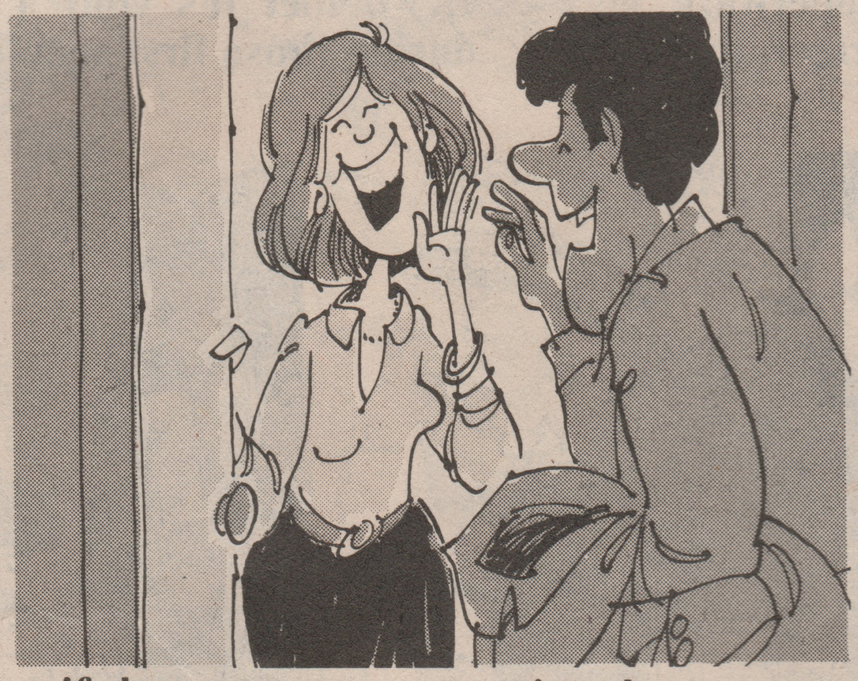
...if engineers took into account that 70,000 crazed fans might be stomping their feet simultaneously when they designed the football stadium you're in!



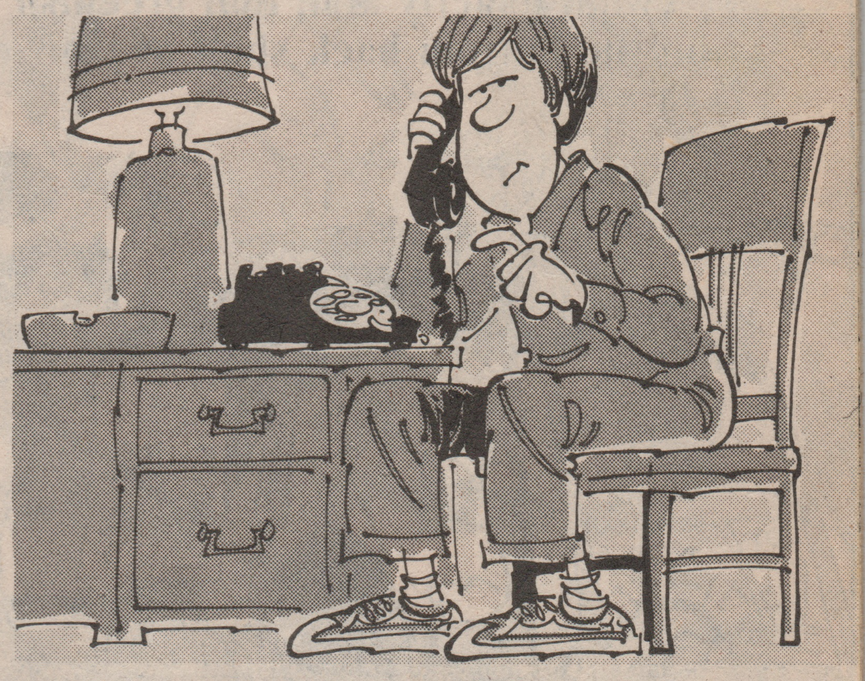
...who the New York Yankees manager is at any given moment!



...what every morsel on your Chinese dinner plate is exactly!



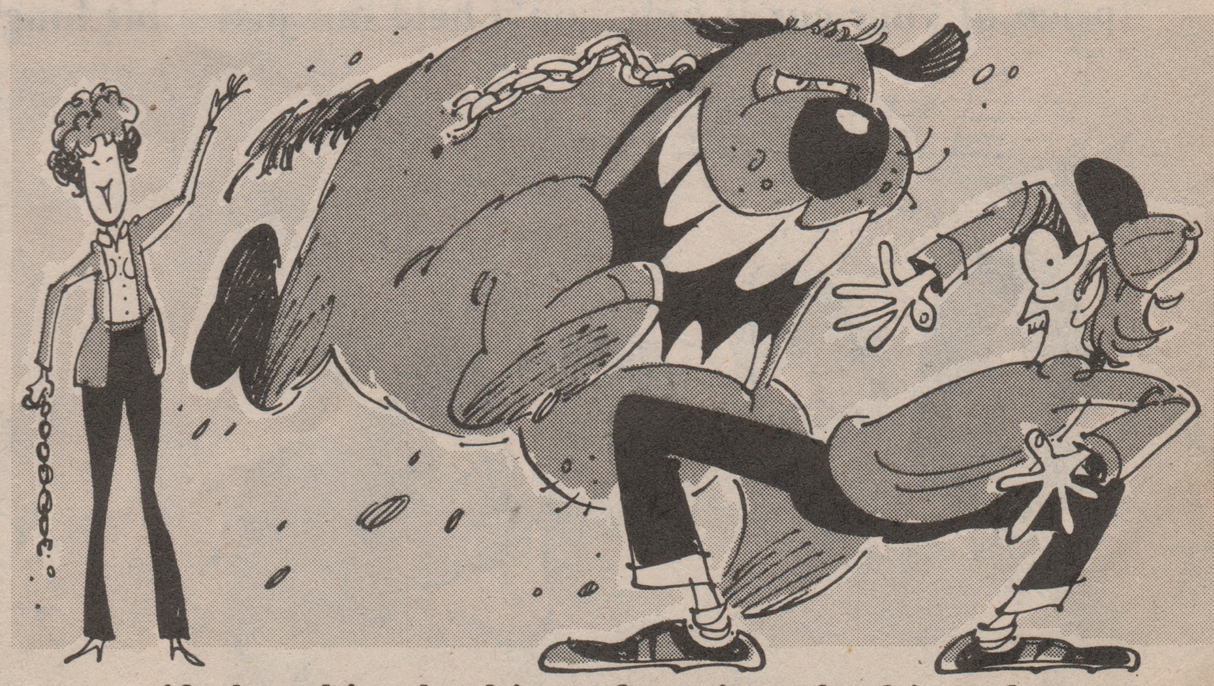
...if the person you meet in a bar means it when he or she says, "I'll call you!"!



...if you dialed the right number when you call...and get no answer!

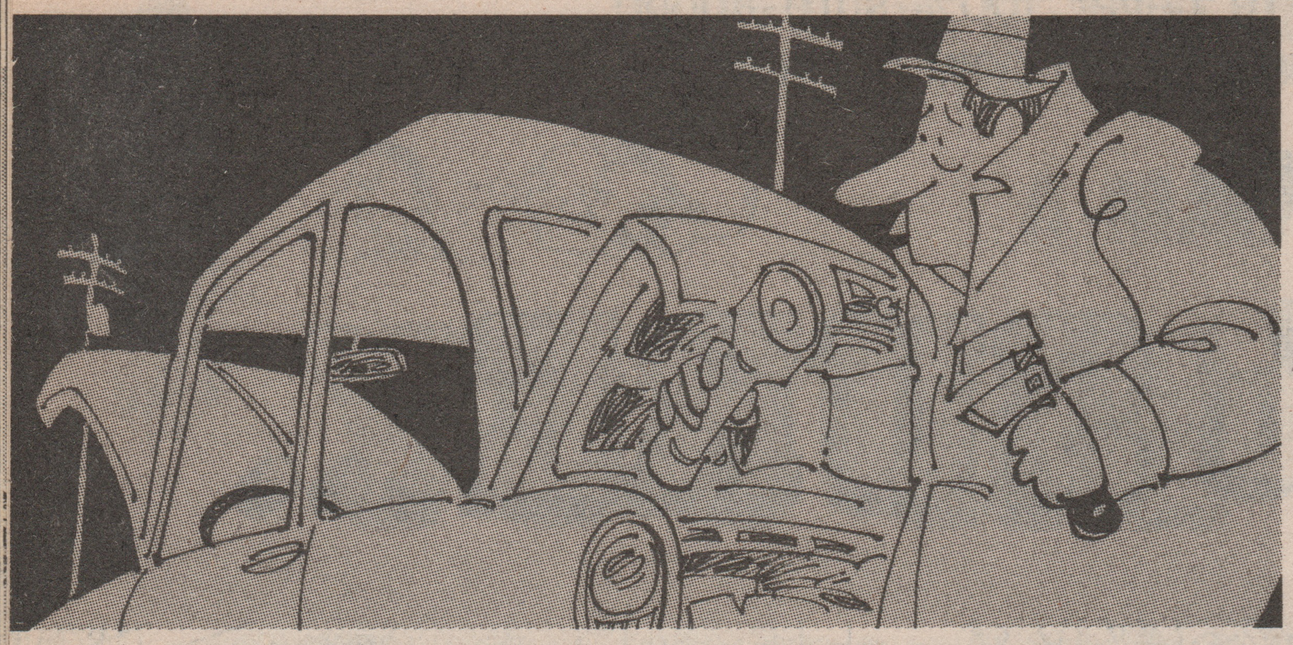


...if the electronic marvel you're buying today isn't going to be technically obsolete tomorrow!



...if that big, barking, ferocious-looking dog "just wants to play" like its owner says it does!

YOU'RE NEVER REALLY 100% SURE...



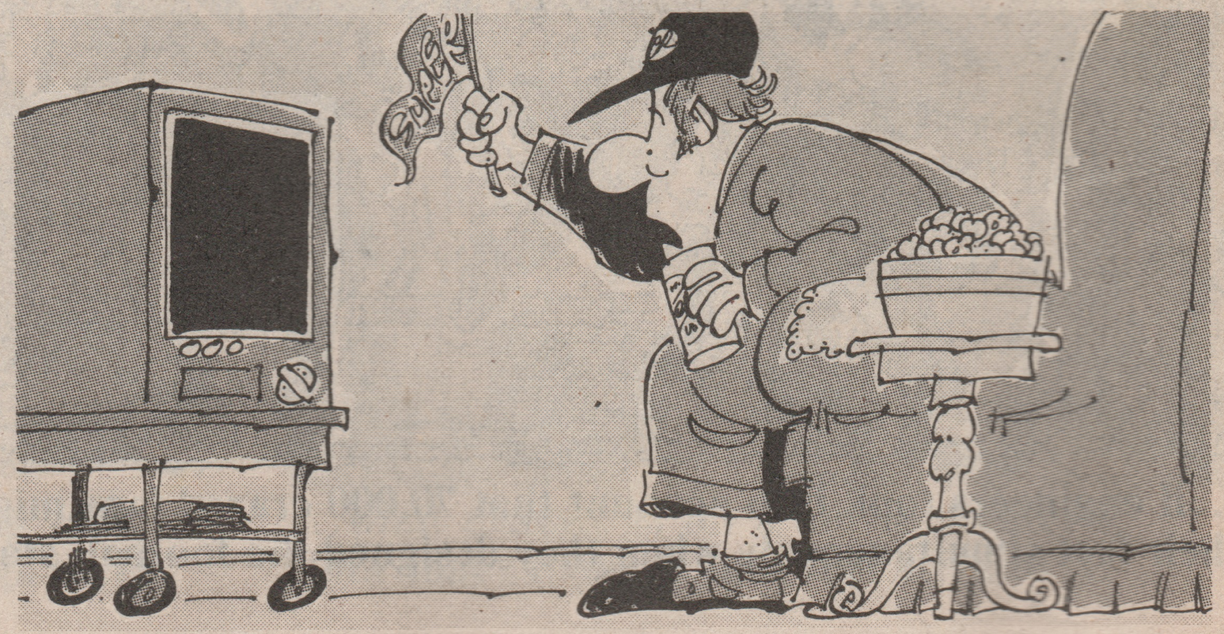
...if the batteries in your flashlight will still be good when the time comes that you suddenly need it!



...that there isn't one small piece of Skylab still falling to Earth...with your name on it!



...what exactly is in that greenish Tupperware on the bottom back shelf of your refrigerator!



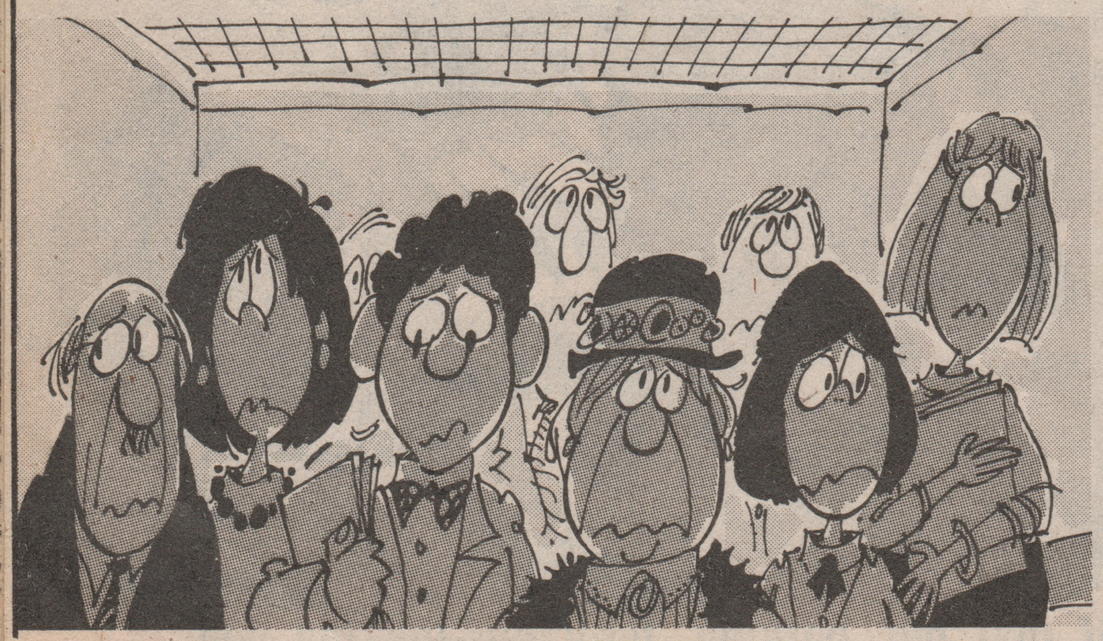
...whether it's your TV set or the TV Station's fault during those first seconds when your screen goes blank!



...if the salesman would have shaved another $100 off the price of your car if only you'd held out just a bit longer!



...if a gas station pump is calibrated accurately...or it's a few pennies over a gallon!



...if an elevator is supposed to creak like it just did...or if the cable is about to snap!



...if it's actually impossible for the guy's toilet flush upstairs to somehow manage to come out your kitchen faucet!

TWO BIT OPERATOR DEPT.

Hi! I'm **Clint Westwood,** and I make a **million bucks a picture!** I used to think that was **easy money** until I discovered someone who **really** makes a fistful of dollars! So let's step into the ***Milky Way Arcade*** and meet Philo Starbuck...

MAD'S VIDEO GAME ARCADE OWNER OF THE YEAR

Mr. Starbuck, it's been said that you are a **money-hungry operator** who's **getting rich** at the expense of **kids!**

That **may** be **true,** Clint, but at least **my Arcade** keeps the kids **off the streets,** away from **crime** and **violence!**

I just saw **two teenage punks** shaking down a **little kid** for his **last quarter!**

I'll have them **thrown out!** I don't **allow** such behavior here!

They're **using** the **money** they took to play ***Tempest!***

On the **other** hand, **boys** will be **boys!**

SPACE INV

MOUSE TRAP

QIX

PAC-MAN

BEDBUG

TEMPEST

A FISTFUL OF QUARTERS

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Tell me, **what's** your most **popular game?**

Pac-Man!!

That must make the manufacturer **very happy!**

It **would,** except that I buy **pirated machines** ... at **half** the **cost!**

But **what** if the manufacturer **finds out?!?**

Then I'll **dump** ***Pac-Man*** and bring in ***Pic-Man***, or ***Poc-Man***, or ***Pyc-Man*** or ***Puke Man!***

But those are **illegal imitations!** You'd be guilty of **fraud!** What would you **say** if you were hauled into **Court?**

That I **never WAS** much good at **spelling!**

ALIEN

ADENOIDS

BARF

HEY, Boss, I just checked out the **new *Galaga*** game we got today! It's **PERFECT!**

I was **afraid** of that! Put an **"Out Of Order"** sign on it, and we'll get it in **working order** after we **close!**

What will you **do?**

We'll **loosen** the **controls, shorten** the **playing time,** and have it **conk out** at **200,000!**

And **you** call that **"working order"...?**

For **MY** purposes, **you bet!**

FOR A FEW QUARTERS MORE

You know, it's **really tough** trying to **talk** in here! It's so **noisy!**

That's because we keep all the games **turned up** to **peak volume!**

But **playing** these games requires such **concentration!** Doesn't the noise **distract** the **customers?**

Let me **think** about that while I **turn up** the **Rock music** on the **jukebox...!**

SOLID GOLD ★ BLAGMAN FEVER ★

See that **guy** there?

You mean the **big hulk** walking around **swinging** his **elbows...?**

He's the **House Jostler!** He gets paid to **bump up** against **any player** who makes a game **last** more than **three minutes!**

And if **none** of **those** work, I use **SUZY,** here!

Boy! It looks like **SHE'd distract anyone!**

Right! She just **rubs up against** the **top players,** and **breathes** in their **ear!** If **SHE** fails me, then I have to take the **ULTIMATE ACTION!!**

Which is—?

I **pull** the **PLUG** on the **GAME!**

Mr. Starbuck, pick up the **phone!** It's your **Distributor!**

DIRTY PHIL'S

Look! I **don't want** your **lousy excuses!** The **machines** that you sent me were **NO GOOD!** You have to **replace** them!

Were they **damaged!**

Much worse! The **instructions** were **clear** and **concise!** It took my workers **HOURS** to **scrape** and **scratch** them so at least they **weren't LEGIBLE!**

PLAY EVERY WHICH WAY... BUT LOSE!

It seems that you **don't want** the customers to **understand** what they're **playing!** Is that **ethical?**

Look, kids **love** a **CHALLENGE!** Part of that challenge is **mastering** the **game rules!** I'm merely adding a **new dimension!**

01

NIXXON

Now **here's** a game with **rules** I can **live with,** called ***Vleen!***

Let's see: "**Protect Vleen** from **mean Fleen Queen** by unleashing **green Gleens.** 5 million **Pleens** on your **Bleen Screen** turns the **Fleens** into **red Kreds,** unless they've **fled** or are **fed dead Smeds,** in **which case** you must activate your **Flack Stack** to **smack Zrack** whose **crack pack** will **attack** the **black Yak...**"

VLEEN

YEACHH!

"**Killing Zrack** brings into view **Hugh II** on his **blue Gnu**... and the **game** is **through!**"

Great game, huh...?

Who can **tell?** Just to figure out **what's going on,** someone would have to play this game **30 times!**

Make that **50 times,** and you're in the ball park!

Your **experience** tells you this...?

My **daily take** tells me this!!

Whose **photos** are up there on the wall?

The **winners** of this month's **"Video Game Championships"!** The **best players** in **town!**

You put up their pictures to **honor** them?

No, to **IDENTIFY** them—so we can **bar them** when they **come in again!** I mean, who needs some **creepo punk** tying up a **machine** for an **hour** with **one lousy quarter!**

Tell me, what's your **biggest worry** around here?

Drugs! See that kid with the **glazed eyes** and **stoned look!** He just shot up **$30**... and **tomorrow,** he'll **beg** or **steal another $30** and **do it again!**

A drug habit can **do** that!

What drug habit! He was here for **7 hours** playing **"Warlords"!** If he spent all his cash on **DRUGS,** I'd **LOSE** the sucker!!

Say—why is that **lad** over there **so excited?**

That happy lad is putting his **initials** on the **screen** because he's just become **"All Time Top Scorer"!**

That must make him feel **pretty special,** huh...?

Till **tomorrow**—when we **erase** the **screen** and **another** happy lad becomes "All Time Top Scorer"!

Chief, this **troublemaker** was hassling that **kid** over there playing 'Centipede"!

GET OUT AND STAY OUT!! We **don't want your kind** in here!

Who **is** he ... a **sex offender? A crazy psycho??**

No, he's the **kid's Father**... trying to make him **come home** for **dinner!** People like **him** are **bad** for **business!**

I **notice** you have a **MEN's bathroom,** but **no WOMEN's bathroom!**

That's **one** of our ways of **keeping GIRLS out!** We **don't want 'em!!**

Isn't that **discrimination?**

No, it's **GOOD BUSINESS!** Hurry up and **turn the page** and I'll tell **WHY!**

You let **BROADS** in here, and before you know it, there's **mingling!** And you **know** what **obscene things THAT** could lead to?

Uh— you mean like **SEX?**

Worse!! Guys would be taking them to **movies** or **ice cream parlors** or **pizza joints**... instead of **spending** their money **HERE!!!**

Is this arcade part of a **giant conglomerate?**

Oh, **no,** Clint! Why, this is strictly a **FAMILY BUSINESS!**

And does your family **work** here **with** you?

Sure! Big Louie is my **cashier! Sam the Shiv cleans up!** And **Don Tortolone HIMSELF** comes in after **closing** to **count** the **day's take!**

GET CHANGE HERE

Are you saying this place is run by the **MAFIA?!?**

Excuse me a second!

Hey, Angelo! Uncrate those hot ***Defender*** **machines** that just came in from **Jersey!**

And tell **Vito** to lean on that **kid** running up the **big score** on ***Frogger!!***

Now... you were **asking??**

Uh... **forget it!!**

FROGGER

I understand the **IRS** is **cracking down** on **Video Game Arcade owners** who **cheat** on **taxes** by **falsifying income!**

Clint, let me assure you I declare **every dollar** I take in!!

The way kids shell out those **quarters,** that could amount to **quite a lot!!**

I didn't **say** anything about declaring every **QUARTER** I take in!

Tell me, **how long** has your Video Arcade been **operating?**

We **opened** our **doors** on the **morning** of **May 7, 1980!**

And **when** did you start showing a **PROFIT??**

Right after LUNCH!

I understand that **school authorities** are **upset** because **kids CUT CLASSES** to play your video games!

From all **I'VE** seen, you're nothing more than a **conniving hustler** who's piling up **huge profits** while **fleecing** an **unsuspecting public!!**

They're **jealous,** Clint! **Schools** teach **THEORIES! I prepare kids** for the **REALITIES OF LIFE** here!

Like I **said**—I **prepare kids** for the **REALITIES of life!!**

This is **Clint Westwood,** returning you to **MAD Magazine!**

QIX STOMP

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

ONE FINE MEDIEVAL MORNING AT HOME

HOORAY!

RAH! RAH!

CLAP CLAP

CLAP

RAYYY!

CLAP CLAP

(( ))

YAYYY!

CLAP CLAP

Why is everybody **clapping** and **cheering?**

Are you **kidding?!?** You're a **home-town boy**... !!

CLAP CLAP

HOORAY!

CLAP CLAP

HOME

HOME	VISITORS
63	63

D. MARTIN...

This article is directed at the few people left who actually read newspapers! Be on your guard! It's a well-known fact that newspapers tend to slant the news toward their own editorial leanings. If you don't believe us, just take a look at these past headline stories which provide...

A SHORT HISTORY SHOWING HOW DIFFERENT PUBLICATIONS SLANT THE NEWS



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: PAUL LAIKIN



IRISH FREE PRESS
DUBLIN, IRELAND SUNDAY, JULY 20, 1960

GOD SAVES SENATOR KENNEDY AS CATHOLIC GIRL DROWNS

RELIGIOUS PAIR BELIEVED TO BE EN ROUTE TO MIDNIGHT MASS

Ted Prays For Nine Hours Before Leaving Scene



Accident Blamed On Faulty Bridge Built By Italian

ALL THE NEWS WE SEE FIT TO PRINT **PRAVDA** RED STAR FINAL
MOSCOW, USSR ENGLISH TRANSLATION EDITION FEBRUARY 23, 1980

RUSSIAN HOCKEY TEAM ALLOWS U.S. TEAM TO WIN IN OLYMPIC GAMES

CLEVER PLOY USED TO MAKE THEM FORGET INVASION OF AFGHANISTAN

Sacrifice Necessary To Ease Political Tension With West



"Now They'll Send Us Wheat," Says Premier Brezhnev

SELLING POWER TO THE PEOPLE

CON EDISON NEWSLETTER

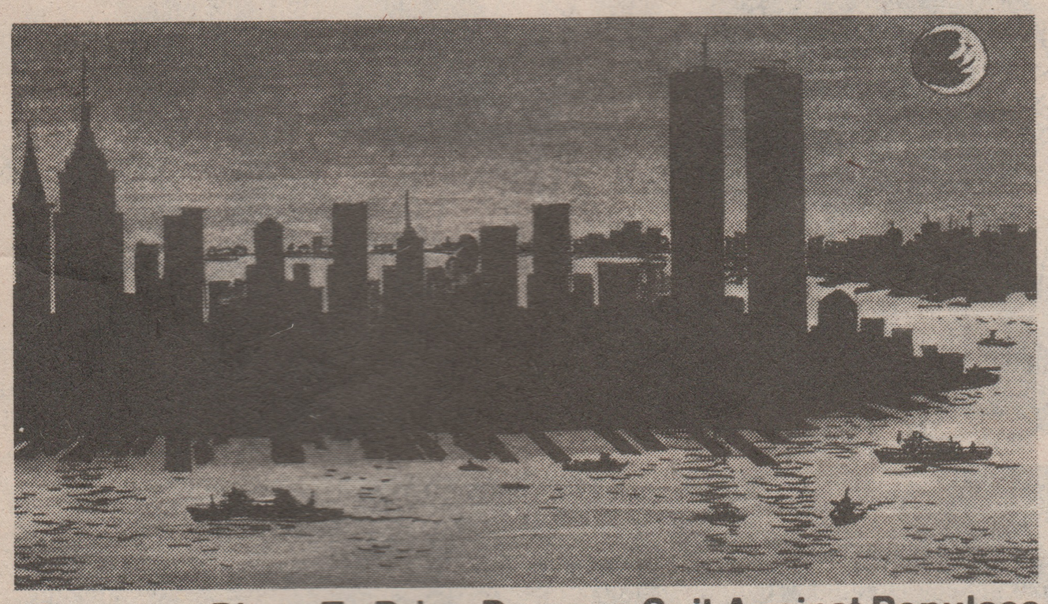
LET THERE BE LIGHT

NEW YORK CITY — NOVEMBER 10, 1965

CUSTOMERS CAUSE MASSIVE BLACKOUT BY DELIBERATE ABUSE OF ELECTRIC OUTLETS

ENTIRE EASTERN SECTION OF COUNTRY DARKENED BY MALICIOUS CUSTOMERS

80 Million People In Conspiracy To Ruin Company



Company Plans To Bring Damage Suit Against Populace

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Stockholder's Bulletin #86 — December 20, 1979

CHRYSLER CORP. MAKES U.S. GOV'T. A PARTNER IN ITS OPERATION

OTHER EXPANSION PLANS INCLUDE HIRING FRANK SINATRA AS SALESMAN

Company Contemplating Merger With Soviet Union



Rumor Denied That The "Iacocca" Is Chrysler's "Edsel"

NEWS ABOUT "THE CLUB"

The CONGRESSIONAL Recorder

WASHINGTON, D.C. — MARCH 14, 1981

FOR YOUR "AYES" ONLY

FBI AGENTS DRESSED AS ARAB SHEIKS CORRUPT U.S. CONGRESSMEN

HONEST POLITICIANS HOODWINKED BY DEVIOUS GOVERNMENT AGENCY

Video Tapes Reveal Illegal Bureau Activities



Senator Harrison Williams Demands Full Investigation

National ENQUIRER

SPECIAL LIBEL CASE ISSUE

ALL THE NEWS UNFIT TO PRINT — MARCH 27, 1981

ENQUIRER PAYS $1,600,000 TO CAROL BURNETT IN HUGE PLANNED PUBLICITY STUNT

SALES SOAR DURING TWO-WEEK TRIAL

"A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR SUCH NATIONAL EXPOSURE!" SAYS OUR CHIEF ACCOUNTANT



Plans Underway To Smear Johnny Carson Next

CLOTHES



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTE

RECORDS



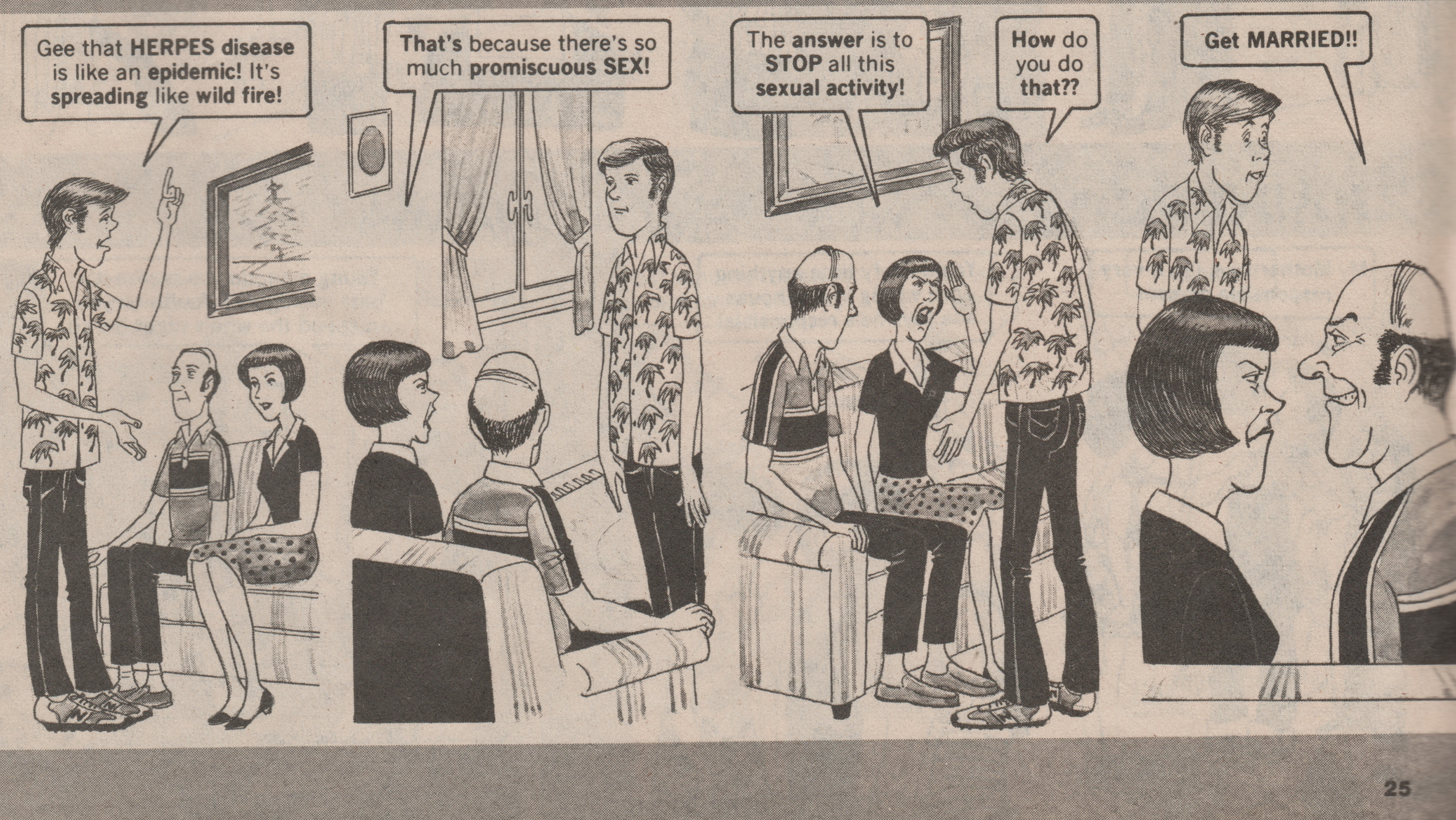
DENTISTS



R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

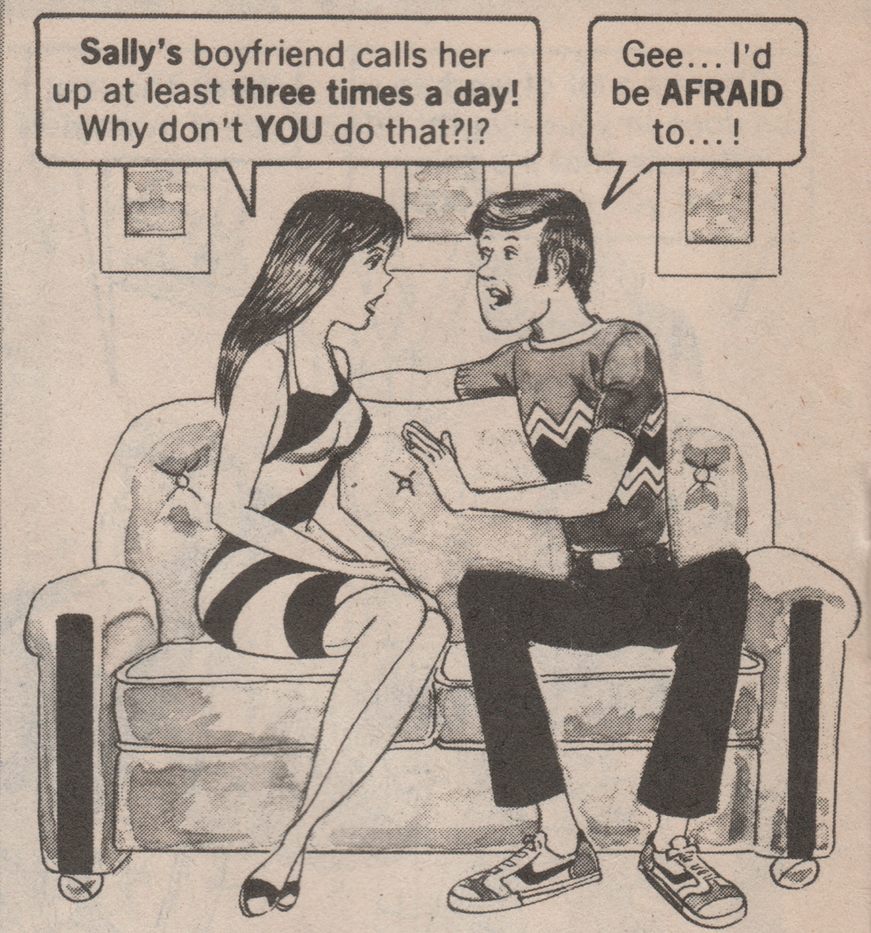
SEX



FOOD



LOVE

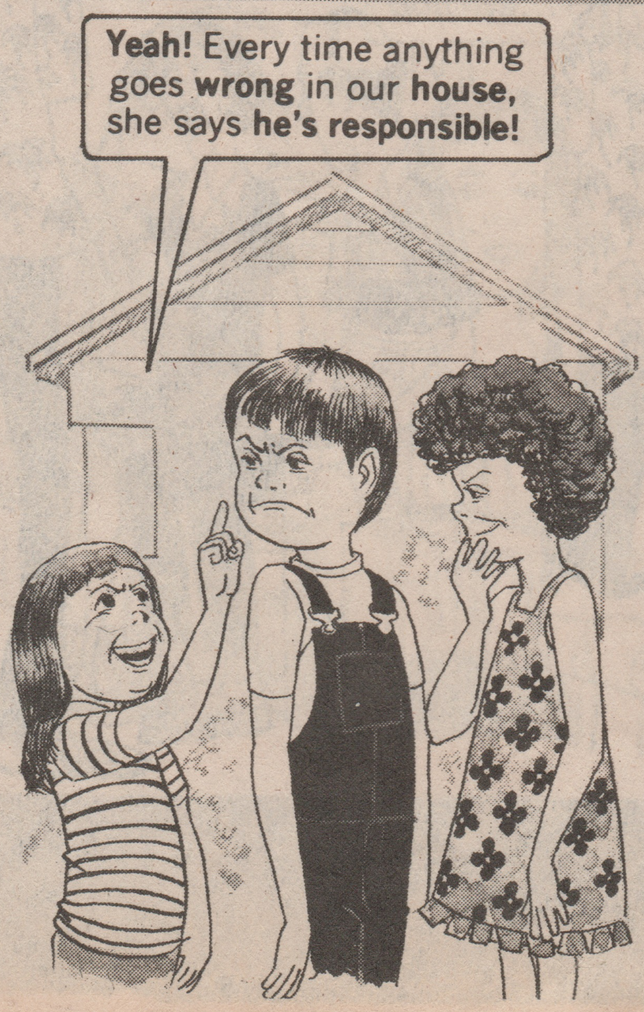


SOAP OPERAS



BRAGGING





DATING



ANNOYANCES







BLOCK-BUSTING







GREETING CARDS







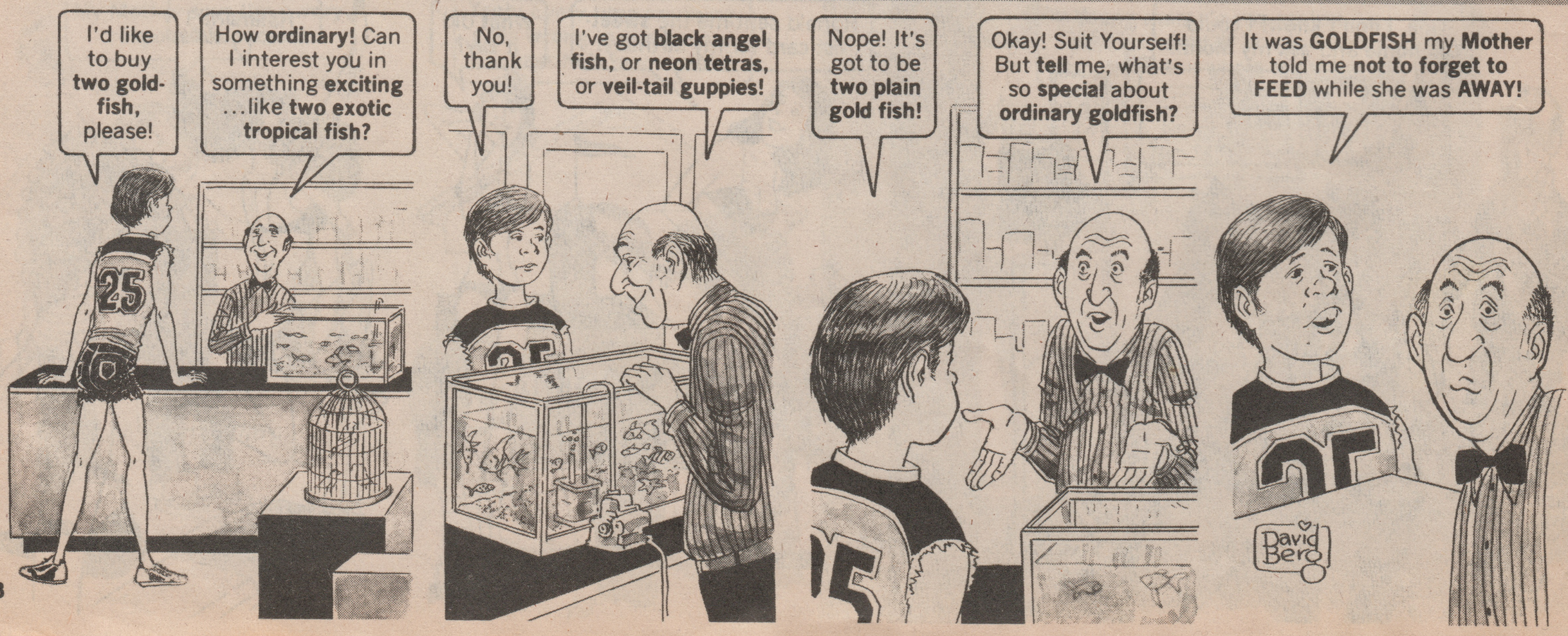
GRAFFITI



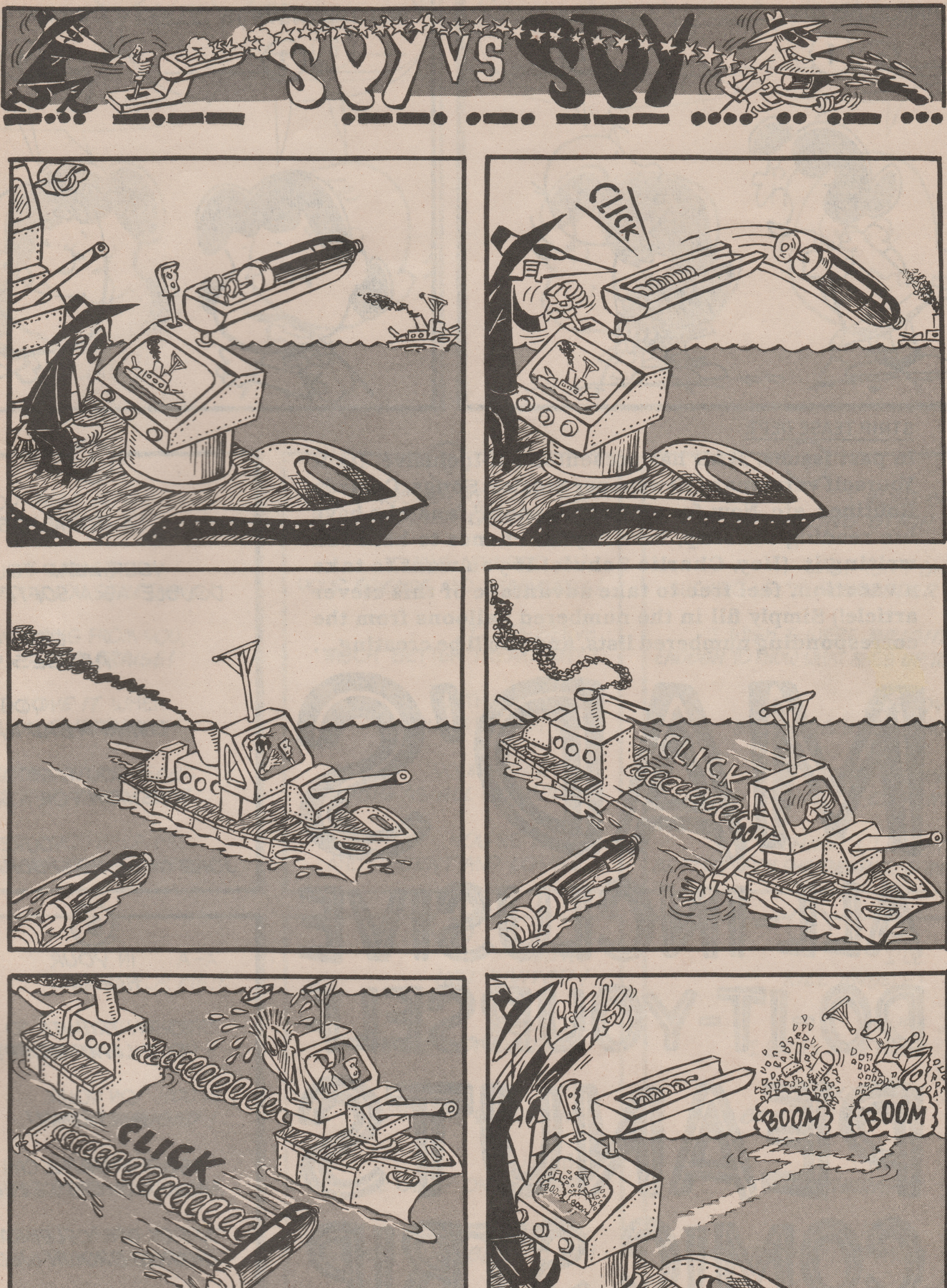
MONEY

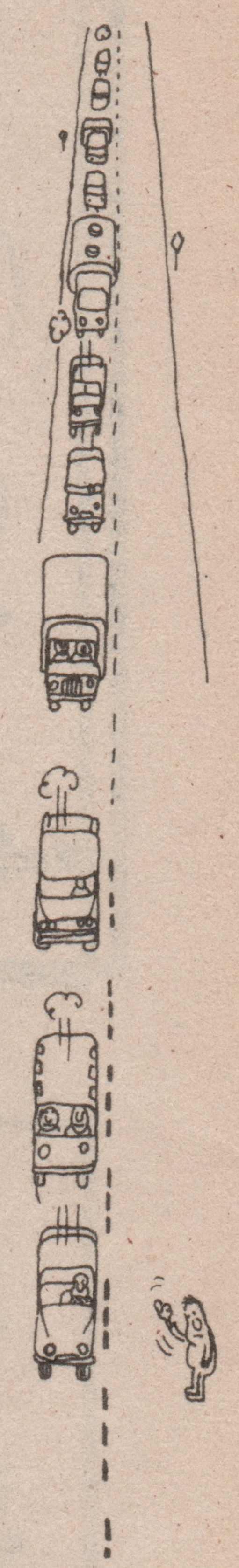


PETS

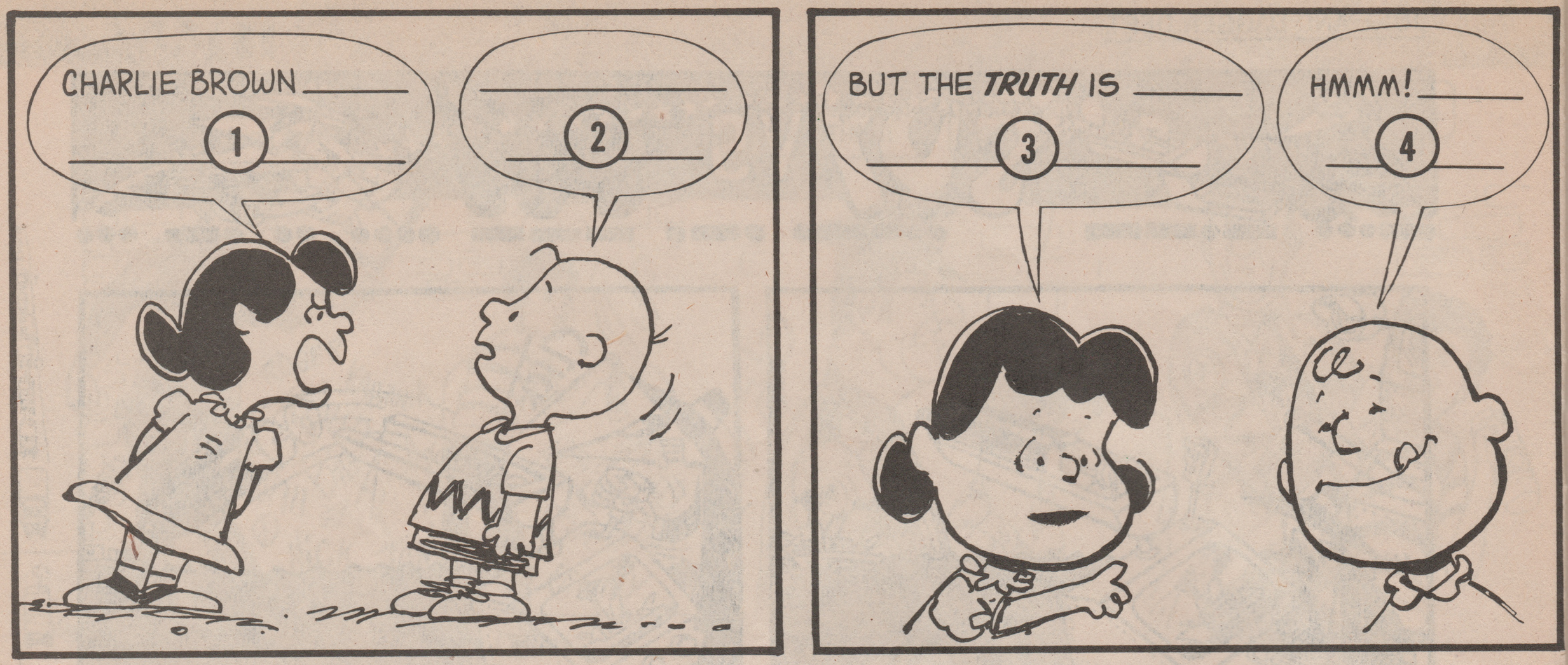


JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT.









STRIP TEASE DEPT.

In past issues, MAD has presented All-Inclusive, Do-It Yourself versions of Newspaper Stories, Songs, Comedy Routines, etc. Now, for all you "Peanuts" fans who have fun reading the strip, here is your chance to have fun writing it. (Hey, Charlie Schulz! If you want to take a vacation, feel free to take advantage of this clever article!) Simply fill in the numbered balloons from the corresponding numbered lists, and you'll be creating...

MAD'S ALL-INCLUSIVE DO-IT-YOURSELF PEANUTS COMIC STRIP



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

1

YOU'RE A ***BORN LOSER!***

YOUR ***HEAD*** COULD DOUBLE AS A ***SOFTBALL!***

EVERYONE ***ABUSES*** YOU!

YOU GIVE ***LIVING*** A ***BAD NAME!***

YOU'VE GOT A ***PIN-CUSHION*** FOR A ***BRAIN!***

YOU'RE THE ***JOKE*** OF THE ***NEIGHBORHOOD!***

5

IN ***YOUR HONOR!***

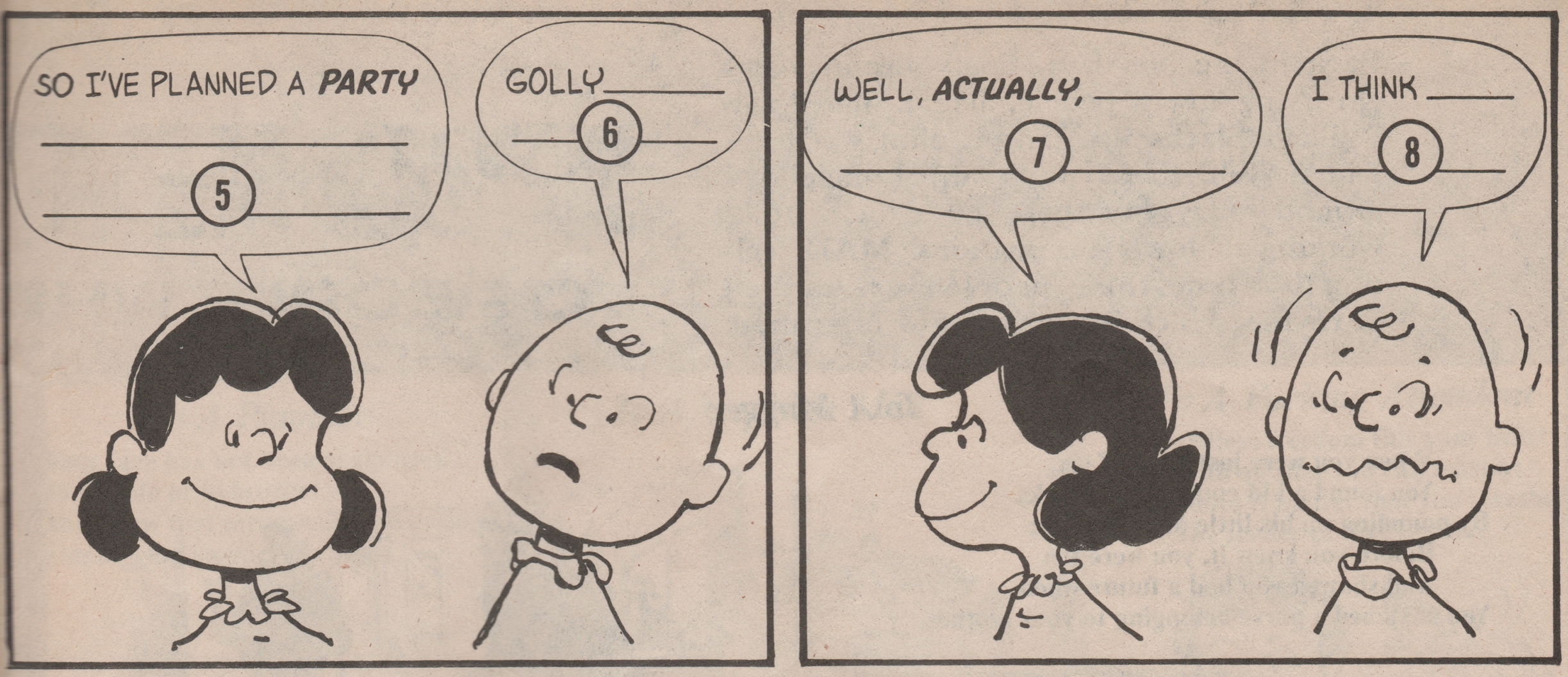
TO PAY ***TRIBUTE*** TO YOUR ***LEADERSHIP!***

ON YOUR ***BIRTHDAY!***

SO THE ***GANG*** CAN SHOW YOU HOW WE ***FEEL!***

TO KICK OFF "***CELEBRATE CHARLIE BROWN WEEK***"!

YOU'LL ***REMEMBER*** THE ***REST*** OF YOUR ***LIFE!***



2

TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT!

AT LEAST I'M FAMOUS FOR SOMETHING!

COMING FROM YOU, THAT'S PRAISE!

I LOVE IT WHEN YOU SWEET-TALK!

IT TOOK YOU 25 YEARS TO FIND THAT OUT?

DO YOU KEEP THIS UP FOR FOUR PANELS?

3

NOBODY RECOGNIZES YOUR FINER QUALITIES!

YOU'RE ADMIRED BY YOUR FRIENDS AND TEAMMATES!

YOU DESERVE MUCH BETTER TREATMENT!

WITHOUT YOU, I WOULD BE NOTHING!

YOUR HEART IS AS BIG AS ALL OUTDOORS!

YOU'RE KIND AND DECENT AND LOYAL!

4

I MUST BE IN THE WRONG STRIP!

WHY ISN'T SHE SUCKING UP TO SCHROEDER?

I WISH I WERE BRIGHT ENOUGH TO KNOW WHAT SHE'S UP TO?

NOBODY'S EVER THIS NICE TO ME!

I'VE GOT A FEELING THIS IS GOING TO COST ME!

I THINK I LIKED IT BETTER WHEN SHE DESPISED ME!

6

A-A PARTY FOR ME!?

YOU MEAN YOU'RE NOT SETTING ME UP?

YOU'VE SURE CHANGED!

IT'LL BE GREAT GETTING SOME RESPECT!

I'LL SURE ENJOY BEING WITH MY FRIENDS!

HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?

7

YOU'RE NOT INVITED!

IT'S ON THE DAY YOU'RE OUT OF TOWN!

THE PARTY WAS YESTERDAY!

YOU'LL BE THE ONLY ONE THERE!

I WAS TESTING TO SEE HOW GULLIBLE YOU ARE!

I'M TELLING EVERYONE IT'S FOR LINUS!

8

I'LL KILL MYSELF!

MAYBE I SHOULD RETIRE!

I'LL GO HOME AND BEAT UP SNOOPY!

I NEED DEEP THERAPY!

I'LL PUT A CONTRACT OUT ON HER!

I'LL TRY REPLACING ANDY CAPP!

KNOCK VERSE DEPT.

Back in the old days, Poets wrote poems glorifying lowly people, like Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith" and Kipling's "Gunga Din." Well, there aren't any Longfellows around today, but there *are* a lot of folks working in lowly occupations. MAD feels that it's time these people were saluted in rhyme, which is why we now offer these

POETI

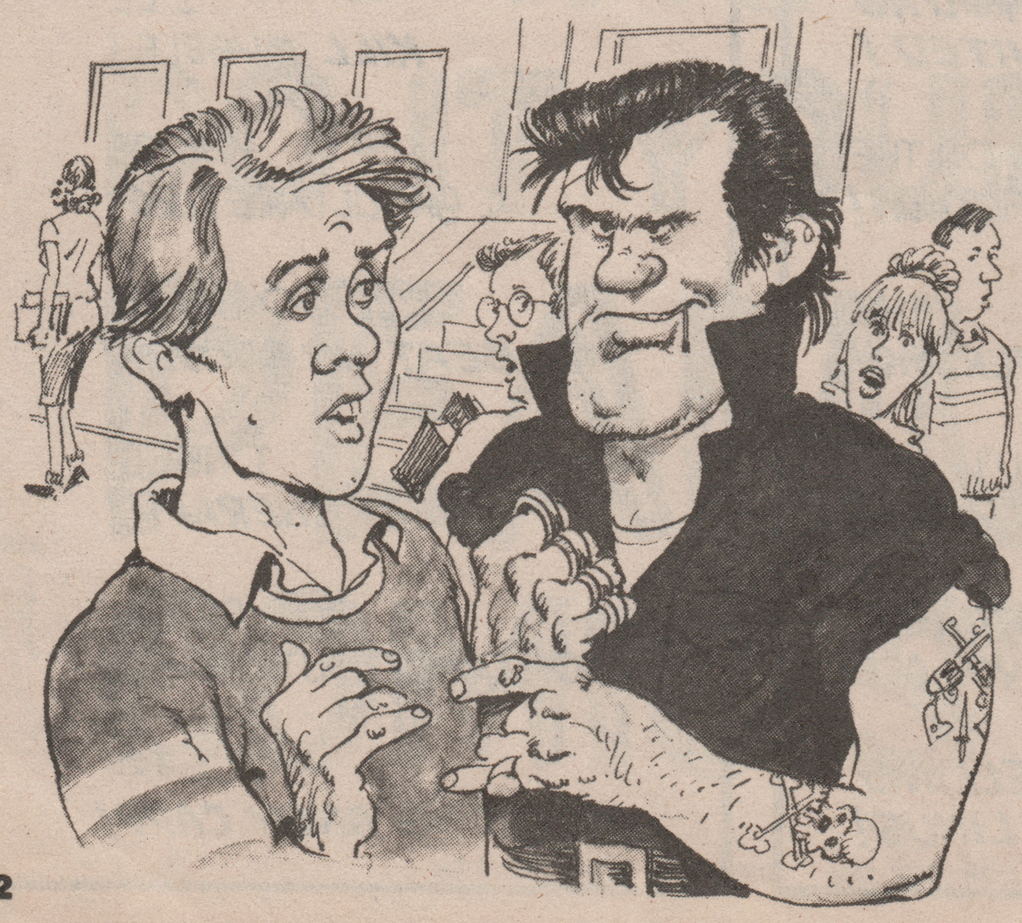
TO PEOPLE WHO

To A Mugger

When you were just a lad of six,
You found a kid could get his kicks
By pounding on his little baby brother;
Before you knew it, you were ten
And showed you had a future when
You snatched a purse belonging to your mother.



The years flew by—in high-school, you
Discovered joys you never knew;
At seventeen you flourished as a punk there;
And after class, out on the street,
Your day would never be complete
Until you'd smacked and rolled some local drunk there.

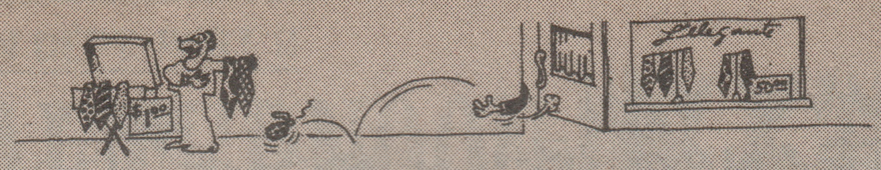




'Twas then you found you had it made
As through the night you plied your trade,
Attacking passersby who were defenseless;
What fun it was to take their cash,
To punch and club, to kick and slash,
Then leave them on the pavement lying senseless.



Today, not even middle age
Can dim the glory of your rage;
You haven't met the man who can control you;
Although for now you take it slow,
You'll mug again because you know
In 1995 they will parole you.



ARTIST: HARRY NORTH WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

IC TRIBUTES

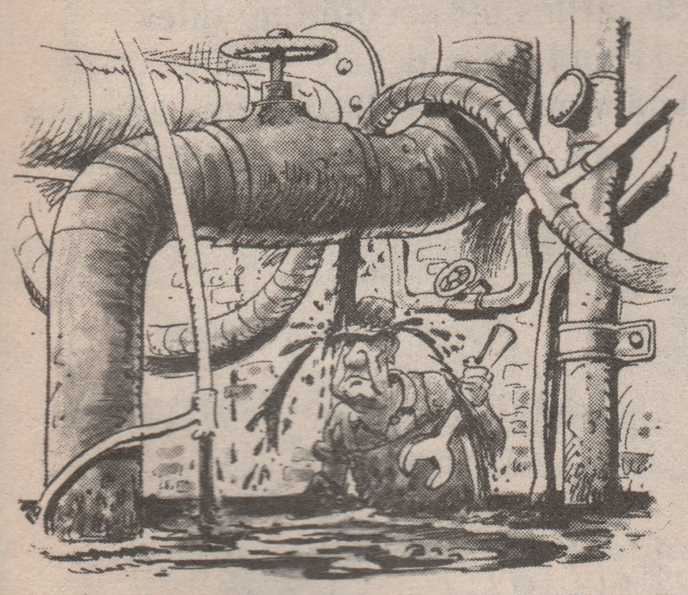
WOULDN'T ORDINARILY GET THEM

To A Plumber

Your face has not been sculptured
In marble or in bronze;
You know that men receive no praise
Unplugging stopped-up johns.



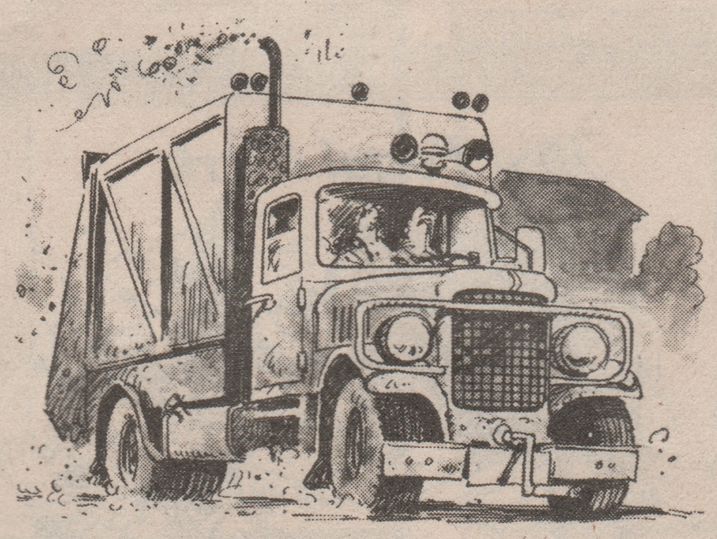
You're never in the columns;
You're never in the news;
The only thing you're ever in
Is icky, smelly ooze.



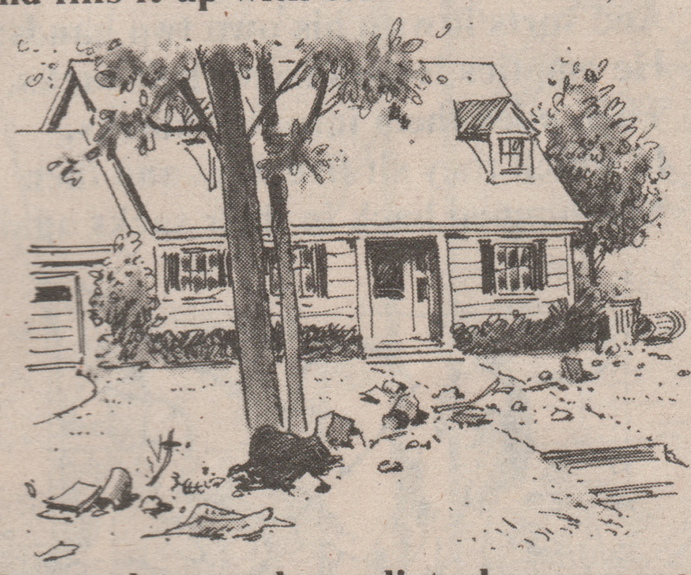
You'll never be a leader
And rule the world with power;
Who needs it when you charge a rate
Of fifty bucks an hour?



To A Garbage Man



At early dawn he makes his rounds
To pick up bones and coffee grounds;
He drives a bulging truck that creaks
And fills it up with stuff that reeks;



He wrecks our sleep, disturbs our peace,
Leaves trails of egg-shells,
lard and grease,
While littering our front-yard grass
With apple cores and broken glass,
And then befouls our flower-bed
With rotting meat and moldy bread!



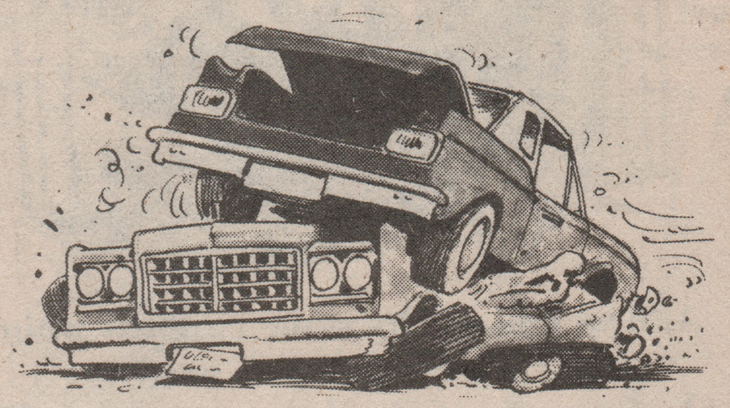
He is a man of pride, you see,
Who wants respect from you and me,
And that is why we call him here
A Sanitation Engineer!

To A Parking Attendant

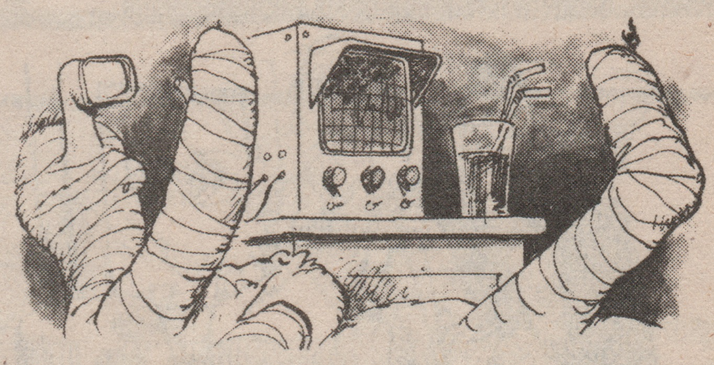
A boundless freedom fills your heart
With all that you can muster;
What does it matter that you smashed
The fender of that Duster?



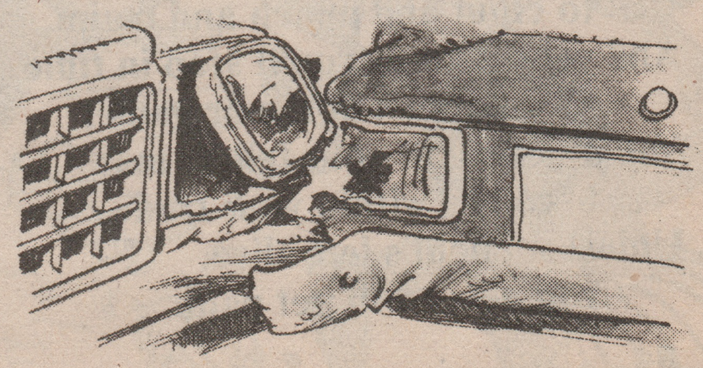
A carefree youth, that's what you are;
No love of life looms larger;
So what if parking that Peugeot
You backed into a Charger?



You're not hung up by rules and such;
Your world's a joy to be in;
Who cares if that Chevette you crunched
While backing a Capri in?



So live it up in days to come;
Enjoy each future labor;
That is, if you recover from
Your wrecking that Le Sabre.



To A Mover

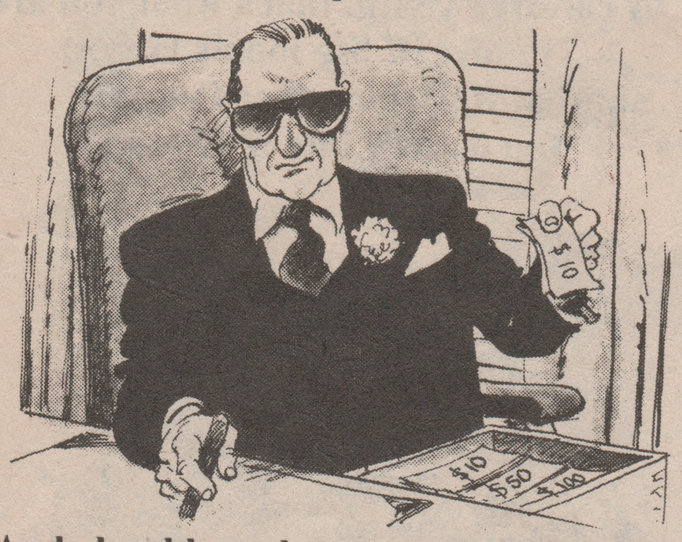
Behold the mighty moving man
Who's loading up his giant van;
He prides himself on being strong and agile;
With great concern he carries out
Our precious goods, and we've no doubt
He'll handle gently boxes we've marked "Fragile."

With loving care he sets down crates
Of vases, lamps and costly plates;
We don't freak out—there's never any cause to;
However, we should make it clear
If you believe what's written here,
You probably believe in Santa Claus, too.



To A Loan-Shark

When money's scarce and we're refused
by banks all over town,
We turn to you because we know
you will not let us down;
You gladly give us what we need
so we can pay our rent,
And only charge an int'rest rate
of thirty-five per-cent.



And should we, by some careless whim,
your warnings fail to heed,
And somehow miss a payment on
the date which we've agreed,
Why, who's to say you shouldn't get
upset from such delays,
And break an arm or leg to show
the folly of our ways?

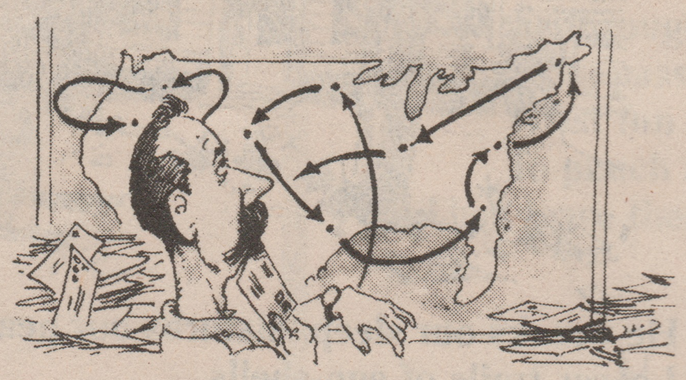


We fully understand your need
to clout and punch and maim,
And yet we know you'll stop in time
for murder's not your game;
You'd never kill your fellow man
because, within your trade,
Unless a client's left alive,
you never will get paid.

To a Postal Clerk



Let's now salute the postal clerk,
A man who does a hard day's work;
Amid great mounds of mail he stands
And sorts it with his own two hands;
He empties letters from their sacks,
Then piles them into tidy stacks,
In which they sit five days and then
Are dumped back in their sacks again;

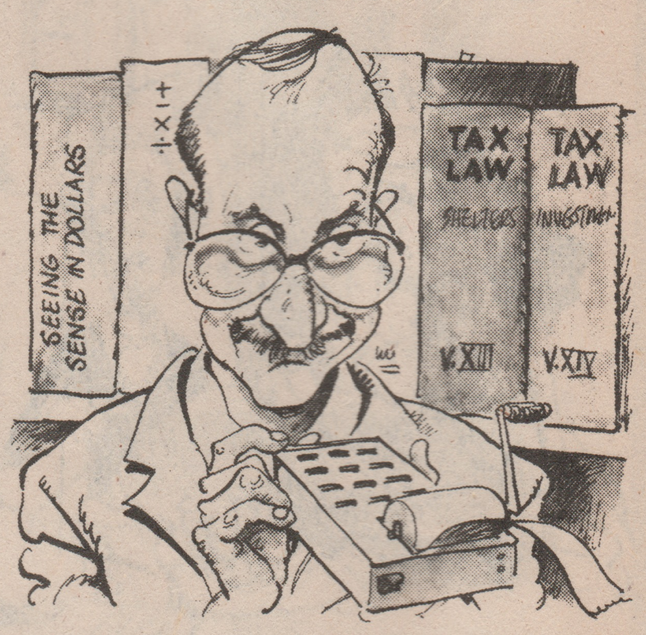


He spots a letter from L.A.
Addressed to folks in Santa Fe;
He holds it out till two o'clock,
Then speeds it on to Little Rock;
A parcel meant for Denver he
Now sends to Washington, D.C.,
Dispatched upon an east-bound plane
By way of Kennebunkport, Maine,
Along with letters by the score
For Denver via Baltimore;



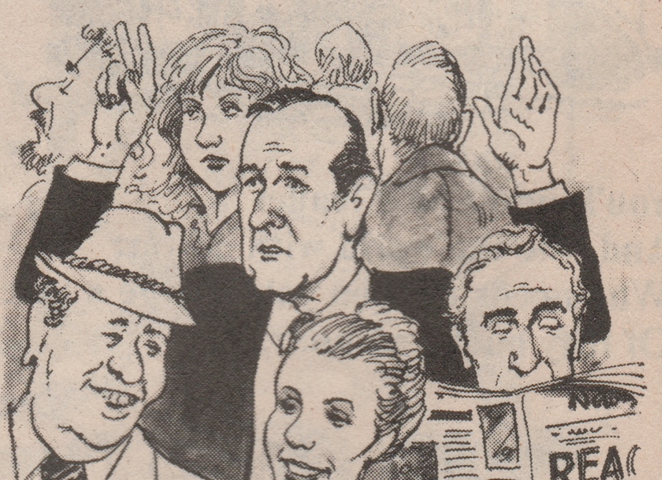
Small wonder as he ends his day,
He beams with pride, as if to say,
"It's good I've got this job to do;
"If not, the mail
would not go through."

To An Accountant



Forever he's regaling folks
and thinks they'll be impressed
With stories of withholding tax,
deductions and the rest;
He rattles off accounting tales
and other deadly stuff—
And now we'll end this verse because
we've bored you long enough.

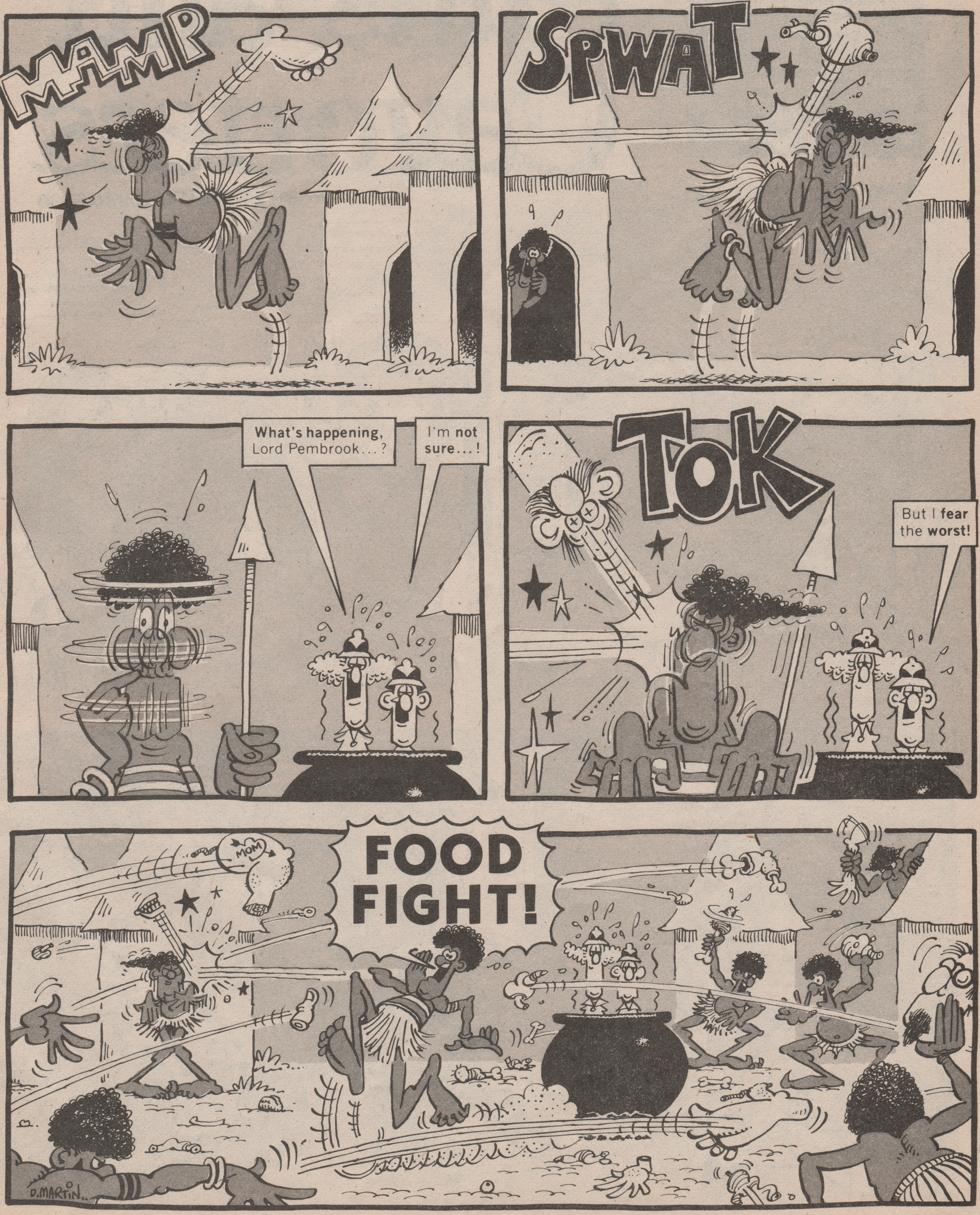
To A Forgotten Government Official



A man can be a Congressman
And run a big committee;
A man can be a Governor
Or Mayor of a city;
A man can be a diplomat
And put on fancy airs;
But when a man's Vice President,
Let's face it—no one cares.

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ONE AFTERNOON ON A REMOTE JUNGLE ISLAND



Puns and Cavorters

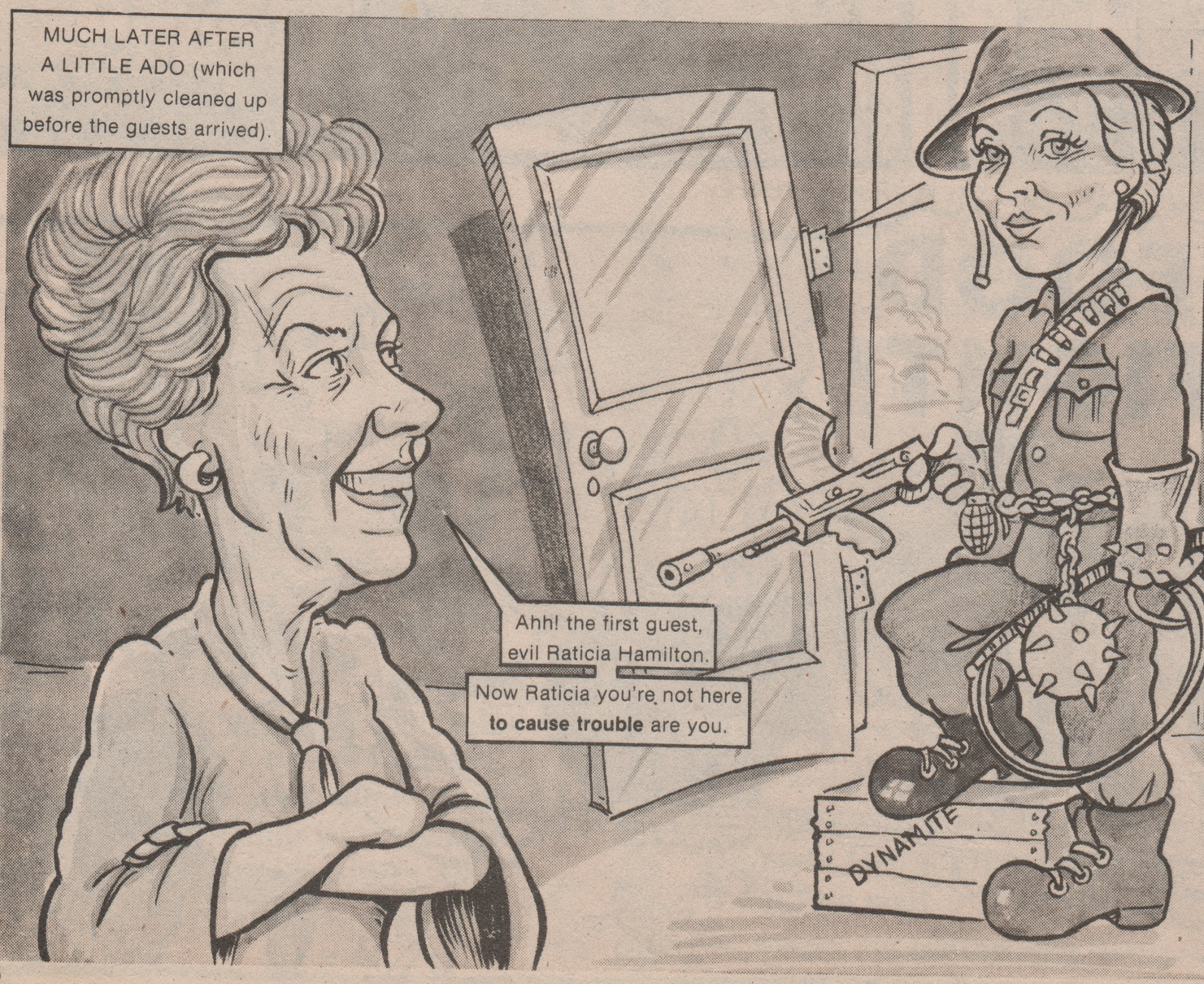
Every evening we watch the news; with it's depressing information on world events. Invading our homes with true to life horror.
Just when we thought things couldn't get worse 7 o'clock comes and "Sons and Daughters" takes us to new depths of despair.
MAD braves a look at.....

BRAWL IN THE FAMILY DEPT

ARTIST/WRITER: TIM HANNAFORD









Glad you could come John & Flangela.

Aunt Peonia, theres something we'd like explained about our **mysterious** separation at childbirth.

What, whose son and daughter you really are?

No, who's the **son** and who's the **daughter.**

Attention everyone! Now we have to resolve these dreadful family squabbles. Those not willing to agree and make-up please **leave** the room.

Now I know how **Bob Hawke** felt at the **summit.**

Anyone for food? Steak and mash.

What's that?

Shh! We don't **mention** that word around here.

M.A.S.H., It reminds people that they're missing on the other channel.

Gee that Kevin Palmer is dumb.

I told him his father was **behind bars** and his brother was a **flyboy.**

He now thinks his father is a **publican** and his brother has a **zipper fetish.**

Why's that?

So?

Look who's talking, Boobra. The girl that went to the **hairdressers** for a microwave.

Who invited this dumb **parrot.** I've never seem him in this show. He's got no right to be in **our reunion.**

Shut up Honey, I am your understudy.

How **dare** they replace an actress of my calibre with a **bird.**

Who else are they going to get that works for **crackers** ... I wouldn't laugh Raticia they've got another bitch to replace you ... **lassie.**

Well, I'm Drain Hamilton, a cringeing, under handed, foolest and most dispicable character. Who could they possibly replace me with?

Get lost or I'll introduce you to Colonel Saunders.

You're in luck buster, not even a **daschund** is low enough to replace you.

You really are **low** aren't you.

This script is stale, uninteresting and has no depth or intrigue. The only thing it's got going for it is a **cast of thousands.**

Let's see, no wonder you **fool,** you've been studying the **phone book.**

Now you tell me. Just when I'm getting to the **climax.**

I don't know how this show keeps going. With its unbelievable script, inept acting and poor production; who'd watch us?

Apparently 90% of our audience are **geriatrics.** And that's only because their doctors prescribe this show for them.

It seems to work better than **prune juice.**

Who are the other 10% then?

The hard of hearing and the deaf. But since **"Teletext"** has put in subtitles they've discovered that its not a **comedy.**

Don't worry they'll never axe this show. Every evening we have **four things** in it that liven up the show and ensure our future.

What's that?

Commercial Breaks.

Oh no! Nothings going **right.**

No! my **"cross your heart bra"** just gave out.

What's the matter Peonia, you look down and out.

Well this show didn't get a logie this year.

What for, all those dramatic and passionate **love scenes** you were in.

No, but **I** did.

Well, you could say that. I did get it for **"Best and Fairest".**

Yeah, I thought as much. I bet you got your screen test on the producers **couch.**

How dare you insinuate such a thing. You've absolutely no **proof.**

I don't know whatever made me say such a thing. It just happened to **spring** to mind.

Gasp, horror!! Someone has committed suicide.

It's probably just to liven up the script, or . . . some lucky devils found a way to get out of his **contract.**

Poor bloke looks like he's been dead for months.

He has and nobody's noticed.

Why should they notice.

Cause he's our scriptwriter Now we've really got something to worry about?

What me worry.

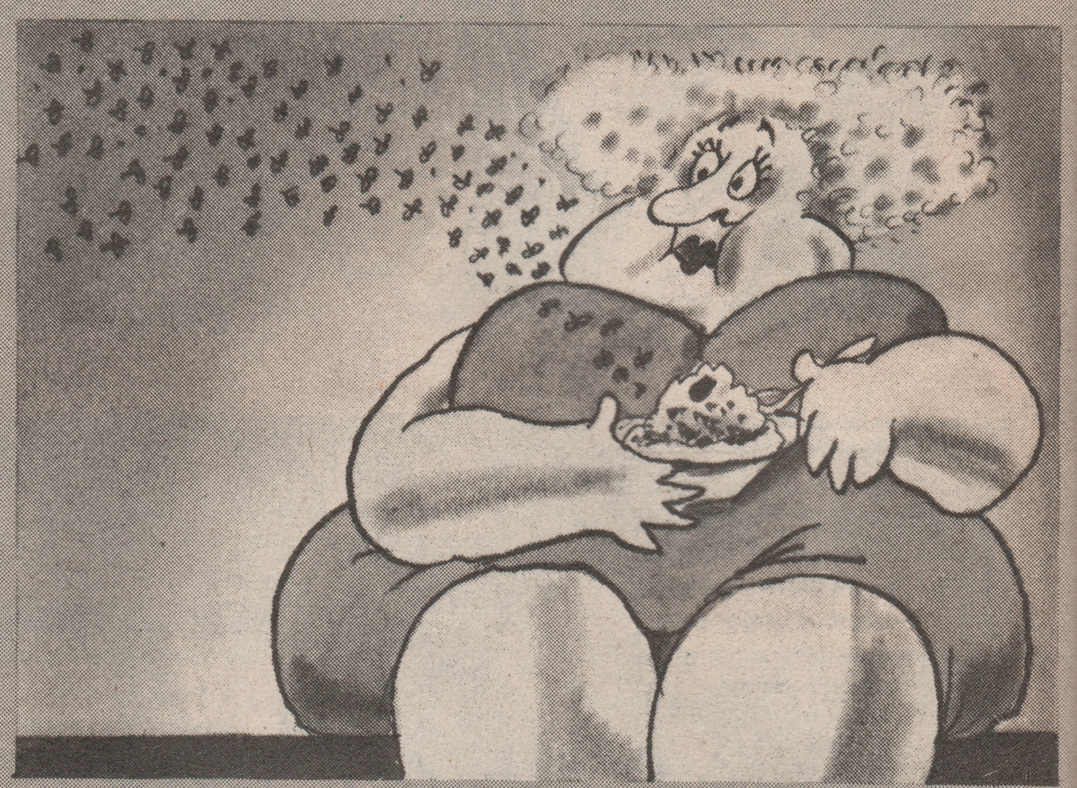
QUEASY DOES IT DEPT.

LOSE WEIGHT (MAINLY BECAUSE

THE MAD GR



Invite a toothless derelict home for dinner.



Snack on things that attract flies.



Have your pet hound kiss you right after he eats, just before you eat.



Have your meal while baby-sitting an undiapered infant.

Use plates and cups with thumbprints and lipstick marks.

"T" AND *A* DEPT.

Do you need a group of highly-paid skilled professionals who can operate within and around the law to accomplish dangerous specialized assignments? Then hire

'THE *A



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

ASININE

Ten years ago, 4 members of a **crack commando** unit were sent to **prison** by a **Military Court**... for a crime they **didn't commit!**

Oh? What were they **accused** of...?

Assault with **deadly weapons!** Mainly, their **personalities!**

But then, the 4 **promptly escaped** from a **maximum security stockade!**

Are you kidding?! Those clowns look like they couldn't escape from an **on-coming glacier!!**

Today, the 4 are **still fugitives** ... **hunted** by the **Authorities**...

Do you believe that **ANYONE** who wants to **hire** them can **find** them, but the **Authorities CAN'T?!?**

Sure! But then, I **ALSO** believe a **Black dude** like **him** would **hang around WASP turkeys** like **them!!**

Where did he get that **outfit?!** From the **"Sammy Davis Ready-To-Wear Catalogue"?**

Doesn't he realize that he looks like a **goofy Punk Rock schmuck** with that dopey haircut... and a **flaming Fag-got** with all that tacky jewelry?!?

YOU tell him!

MAXIMUM SECURITY STOCKADE

PEPSI GROCERY

Lochman

SHOOT!

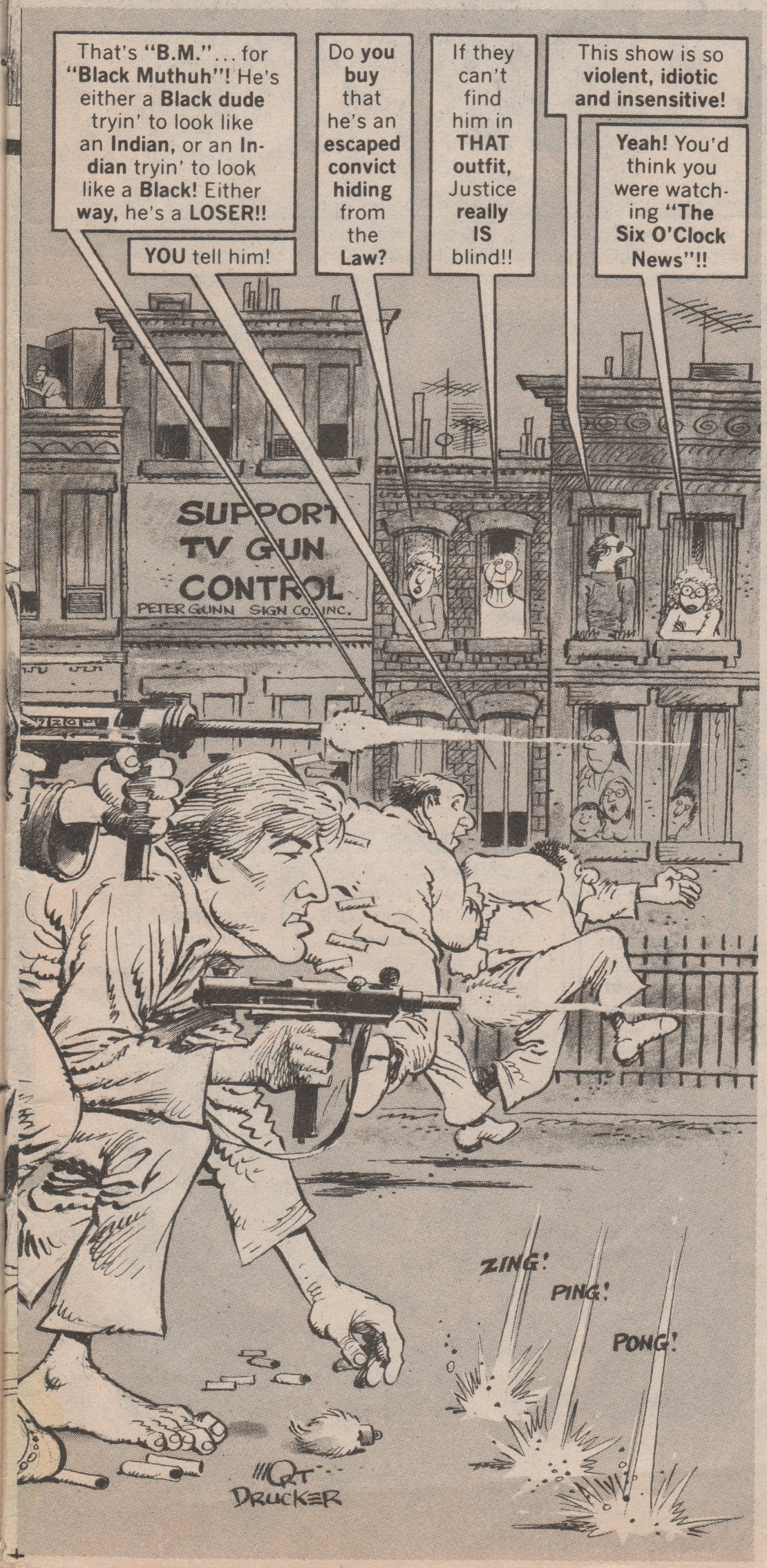
BRAT TAT TAT TAT

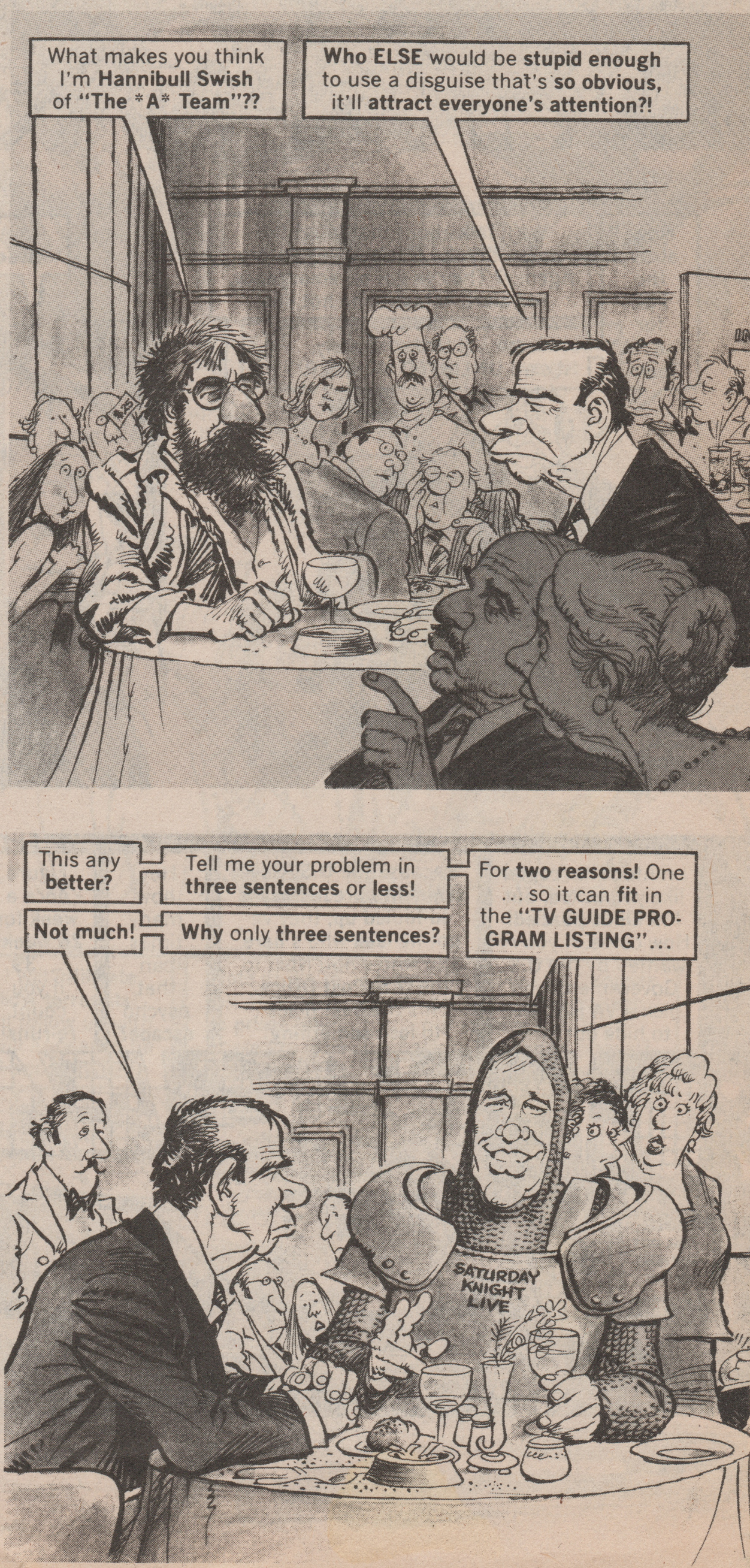
the old "Mission Impossible" team! But if you want a group of bumbling misfit mercenaries whose only advantage is: they always forget to get paid, then try

*TEAM



WRITER: STAN HART





And two... if you **outline** the **plot FAST ENOUGH,** no one will **realize** that it **doesn't makes sense!**

A group of **terrorists** have occupied a **nuclear power plant!** Unless we agree to **free** their **leader** from **prison,** they will **blow up the plant** and release **massive amounts** of **deadly radiation!**

That's **really great!**

Are you **crazy?! WHAT's** great?!

You outlined the plot in only **TWO sentences!**

You'll have to **work fast!** You **don't** have **much time!!**

Right! Only **sixty minutes,** not counting **commercials, station breaks, network promos, local ads, news capsules** and the **coming attractions** for **next week's show!** All in all, that leaves us with about **forty minutes, tops!**

FRAUD!

Now, about the **FEE** for The *A* Team?

We'll **talk** about that **later!** Did you notify the **Nuclear Regulatory Agency?** They've got an **emergency, red alert, catastrophe hot line!**

I **know...!** Unfortunately, it's an **UNLISTED NUMBER!**

We don't want a **word** of this to **get out,** or there'll be **panic** in the **streets,** understand? Our mission is **hush-hush**... strictly **top secret!**

Check...!!

Right...!!

Gotchya...!!

After you hang up, I'll **eat the phone** so nobody can **trace** the **call!!**

I rented the **'copter** like you **asked,** but I'm **kinda puzzled!** How come, if you're wanted by the U.S. Government, you pick a **VA Hospital** to hide out in?!?

Because the **U.S. Government bureaucracy** is **so fouled up,** they've got **no idea** who's **here** and who's **not!** Next to the **U.S. Post Office,** it's the **best** place to **lose something!**

Hey, how many times can that psycho **escape?**

Figure **once** a **week** for **26 weeks** ... **39** if you count **re-runs!**

ROOF

VA ADMINISTRATI HOSPITAL

FAR-OUT PATIENT CLINIC

B.M., would you **check** the **brakes**... the **tire pressure** ... **wipe** the **windshield** ... and **gas up** the **van?**

Hold it!! Listen, B.M. **doesn't do** dirty work! You want the **N.A.A.C.P.** and **Jesse Jackson** down on this show... protesting the **exploitation** of a member of the **Black minority?!?**

That's **right,** Ms. Whitebread! This show is **"The *A* Team" ... not "ROOTS"!**

Y'know... I often wonder if **taking off** with the **tires SCREECHING** like that is the **best way** to travel around **unnoticed!**

B.M., what **gear** do you have her in?

The **only** one we **GOT,** Man! **OVER-DRIVE!**

JOHNSON VAN

BUMPER SHTICK

See? I **TOLD** you we could drive across the country in two days without stopping!.

Yeah, but we **DIDN'T** think you meant without stopping at **Comfort Stations!** I think **Murdreck EXPLODED** going through **Ohio!!**

CAUTION MEN AT WORK...

Hey, how come **B.M.** always does the **driving?!**

Because he **loves** it!

But he's a **terrible driver!**

YOU know that... and **I** know that! But since he can pluck a person's **arms** off like they were **DAISY PETALS,** let's keep it **our little secret!**

ANIMAL CROSSING AHEAD

FOWL BALL

UTTER NONSENSE

Okay, now here's the plan—

Why is **HE** always the one who comes up with the plan... ?!

Because he's the **brains** of the organization!

No wonder we get into so much trouble!!

Here! I've arranged for **phony ID's** for each of you!

Where'd you **get** them?

From **High School kids!!** Where **ELSE?!?**

VISA

First, B.M. and I will **infiltrate** by posing as **fellow terrorists!** Then, you two will **follow up** with a **shootout** that will appear to be an orgy of **blood** and **mayhem!**

Hold it! We're on at **8'clock** in **prime time!** There are **little kids** watching!!

Hey, Man! He said **"appear to be"!** You want to **keep** our **ratings...?** Or go back to **delivering pizzas!?** Just **shut up and shoot!!**

POWER

NO NUKES

I **don't** think you're gonna get away with that **disguise,** Handball... !!

That's **HANNIBULL!**

I **can't** take much **more** of this...!

You mean so much **violence?**

No... so much **NOISE!** The **sounds** of our **punches** are **INCREDIBLE!!**

He's **right!!** One more **fist fight,** and we'll all wind up with **permanent hearing loss!!**

CRUNCH!

SNEACK OFF

AAAH!

POW!

SOK!

UGH!

WAK!

CRASH!

NOISE!

KLUNK!

SCUFFLE

The **only connection** between the plant's **Control Area** and the **outside world** is this **radioactive dump!** All we have to do is **swim** up the **disposal conduit pipe,** and we're **there!**

But it's so **dark** in there! How are we gonna **see?**

Hmmmmm! **I've got it!!** We'll take along one of the **kids** who **live** around here! I'm sure that... by now... they **glow** in the **dark!**

CAUTION:
TOXIC WASTE DUMP
CHILDREN SHOULD BE VERY CAREFUL WHEN PLAYING HERE
E.P.A.

We're **with** the **organ-ization!** We got a **message** for the **Chief!!**

HE don't look like no **Brother** to **ME!!**

You calling me a **liar?!** Because if you **ARE,** I **just** might decide to have your **face** for **breakfast!!**

Uh... Well ...in **THAT** case, **welcome Brothers!**

NUKE CONTROL ROOM

I **thought** you had them **con-vinced,** B.M.!

I **DID**... until **you** told 'em you were in the **Beverly Hills Unit** ... operating out of **Gucci's!!**

We're in **real** trouble **now,** Hannibilge!

That's **HANNIBULL!!**

And **besides** your **ignorance,** you know what **else** strikes me odd?!? That, week after week, you're **no more help to me** than an **ordinary** person **half** your size would be!!

Oh, **yeah?!** Well, try an episode **WITHOUT** me... and let's just see who'll **watch it,** Pretty Boy!!

CHAIN REACTION



Y'know... there's **something** I can **never figure out!** How come the **lighting** is always so **blindingly bright** in all weekly Sitcoms and Adventure shows, no matter whether it's an **interior** or an **exterior** ... **day** or **night** shot?!?

Ahh, **who cares!?!** Listen, I've got a **plan** that I'm **sure** will **work!**

Okay... but **only** if it's **zany, idiotic** and **completely impossible** in **real life!!** Is it... ?!?

Does a **cabbie pick his NOSE** waiting for the **light** to change?!

Gee, that's a **pretty dangerous mission!!** How come you made **HER** do it... ?!?

Since we **can't** use **B.M.** for dirty jobs, the **woman** is the **only** member of an **exploited group** we've **got!**

SWISH!

IIBOIIINNNG

NUCLEAR AND TUNA FISSION

Okay, gang! Here comes our usual **violent, climatic shootout**... along with our **weekly big surprise!**

What surprise??

That with all these **explosions, crashes** and **gunfire,** no one ever **gets killed** on this show!!

CHOMP!

RAT TAT TAT TAT!

BRAT TAT!

VIP! VIP!

BLAM!

Thanks for not only doing a **great job,** but **also** for demonstrating that people with **below-average intelligence** can **also** serve their country! Now, as for the **money** we owe you for this mission...

Forget it... !!

FORGET IT... ?!?

There you go AGAIN!! How we gonna pay for renting that **'copter,** the **transportation** we used, the **ammunition** we burned, the **living expenses** we incurred, the **private property** we destroyed... ?!

We'll **ALWAYS** be **fugitives on the lam!!**

From the **Govern-ment!!**

No... from all the **Collection Agencies** that are after us to **pay** the **enormous BILLS** we keep run-ning up on these idiotic missions!

BILLS

BILLS

ONE FINE EVENING DURING PRIME TIME

NO! NO! NOT THE BUTCHER KNIFE!!!

GLUTCH

GLISH

ARRAGGH

YAK

WHY YOU...

BLAM

BLAM

BRINGA-LINGA

TAKE THAT... AND THAT!!!

WEEOOOEEEEEEEEOOOO

AWK

GAROOK

GAROOF

HELP

HELP

Good evening! This is your **Television Survey!** Do you think there's **too much violence** on TV?

BLOOM BLOOM

OPEN UP!! IT'S THE POLICE!!!

BLAM

BLAM

TAKE THAT, COPPER...

YAGGAK

I dunno! I **never watch** TV!!

WHAP WHAP

DON'T YELL AT ME YOU LITTLE PUNK!

ROWR GRAWR

RIP

MANGLE

GURGLE

GLUK

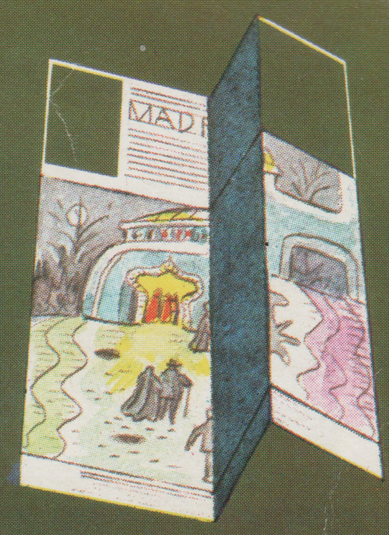
D. MARTIN...

WHAT IS CHANGING AMERICA'S DRINKING HABITS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

America's drinking habits are constantly changing. What we drink, where we drink and how we drink depends on many varied factors. To find out what has caused the latest big change in our drinking habits, fold in this page as shown at the right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



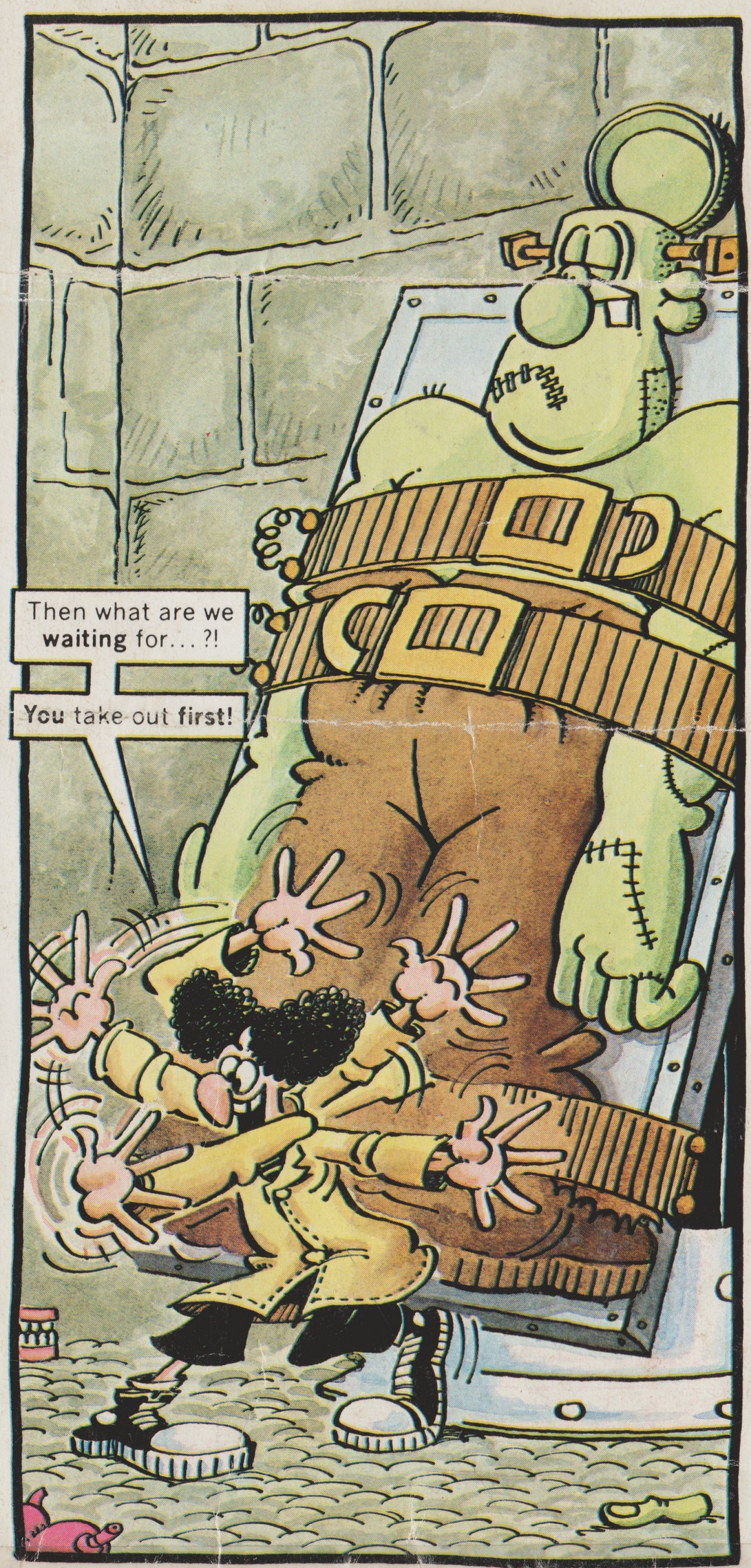
ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

MOST STUDIES OF DRINKING HABITS HAVE CONTAINED MISINFORMATION. HERE, WE HAVE ELIMINATED THE NONSENSE. ONCE WE START TO DRINK, WE'VE GOT TO PAY THE PRICE—SOONER OR LATER!

A▸ ◂B

ONE-ON-ONE NIGHT IN THE LABORATORY







ON MARTIN. WRITER: DON EDWING ISBN 0 7255 1510 4